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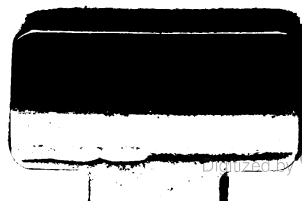
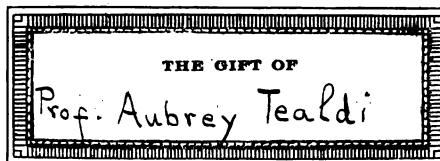
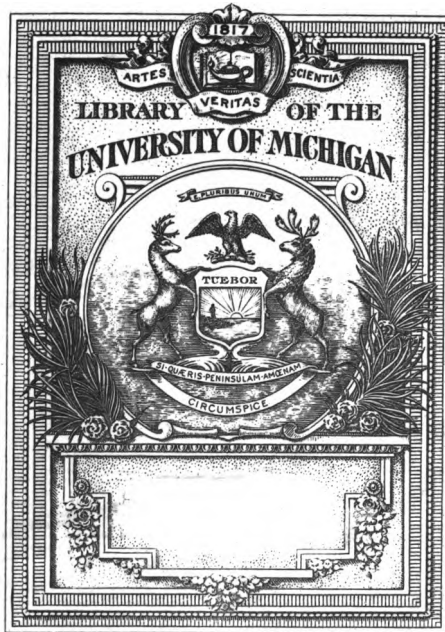
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**Being the Works of Shakespeare in the**  
**Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts**  
**Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late**  
**W. G. Boswell-Stone.**





# A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM

EDITED BY

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# A Midsummer Nights Dreame.

## FOREWORDS.

SHAKSPERE began his Comedies with a mixture of French Court life and English peasants in *Loves Labors Lost*, and then turned to Latin drama for his second play, *The Comedie of Errors*. For his (probably) third comedy, *Midsummer Nights Dreame*, he came back to England, and blended Greek Court life, as he imagined it, with the humours of the Warwickshire country folk among whom he had been born and bred, and the fairy-lore which he had learnt in his Stratford home, and of the old people with whom he had gossipt. These he combined into a whole, which, though weak as a drama, is so full of poetic beauties and charming fancies, of delightful humour and cheery merriment, that many critics insist on its belonging to a later period in the playwright's career. But structurally and metrically the comedy belongs to Shakspeare's early time of mistaken identity and cross purposes, of more than two sets of lovers, of ryme and of doggerel, before he had settled down to Italian story for the sources of his lighter plays. Even if Titania's account in II. i. 81-117, of the effect of the storms of wind and rain are held to apply to those of 1594 described by Stowe in his *Annales*, ed. 1605, p. 1274-5, 1277-8,—as well as by Bp. King and Simon Forman—the latter date cannot alter the family-tie which binds the *Dreame* to the *Errors* and *L. L. Lost*.

As our old Trinity-Hall tutor, Sir Henry (then Mr.) Maine, showed in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1848, "the fairies are the primary conception of the piece, and their action the main action. Shakspeare wished to represent this fanciful creation in contact with two strongly marked extremes of human nature; the instruments by which they influence them being, aptly enough, in one case the ass's head, in the other the 'little

### *A Midsummer Nights Dreame.*

western flower.' It is necessary to this idea that the two actions of the heroes and the artisans should be considered completely subordinate, and their separate relations among themselves as not having been created relatively to the whole piece, but principally to the intended action of the fairies upon them. . . . The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a drama on the night of Midsummer Day, a night sanctified to the operations of fairies, as Hallowe'en was to those of witches . . . and by far the most important division [of the play] comprehends all the transactions of the Midsummer Night: its action is carefully restricted to the duration of these twelve witching hours, Oberon having, as he says, to perform all before 'the first cock crow.'" The whims of the fairies rule the fates of the mortals in this play; the quarrels of the lovers spring from Oberon's and Titania's quarrel, and their happiness flows from the reconciliation of the fancy beings. Not thus does Shakspeare use the creatures of his imagination in later life when, in the *Tempest*, he makes them the servants of Prospero for the purposes of good.

Theseus, though lightly sketched, is a true gentleman, as his words about the workmen's play in V. i. 81-105 show; and in love of sport he is rightly matcht with Hippolita, as their delight in the music of the cry of hounds testifies, IV. i. 107-129. Bottom is a gem, with his amusing self-sufficiency and muddleheadedness; and his fellow-mechanicals have each their individual touch. The play is Stratford all through, in woodland, flower, and country lore. Helena and Hermia, the tall and short boys in Shakspeare's company—seen again, tho' perhaps not the same ones, in *Rosalind and Celia*, and the short one in *Maria*—are Stratford girls, needle-working and singing together, the little tempery one threatening to scratch the tall one's eyes. These country damsels are earlier in Shakspeare's work than a lady like Portia, earlier than Sylvia and Julia, the latter of whom could never have cald her friend a painted maypole. The funny notion of the earth being bored, and the moon creeping thru it to disturb folk in the Antipodes, may have been taken from a passage and woodcut in Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' in which stones dropt from either pole of the world would meet in the middle of it. Tho' Theseus says that four days and nights are to pass before his wedding, only the two nights of

## Forewords.

April 29 and 30, and the three days of April 29 and 30 and May 1 do so pass, tho' the fairies stop with the married couple till the break of the fourth day, May 2.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fleay thinks that the play was written for the marriage of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, with Elizabeth Vere, the Earl of Oxford's daughter, on Jan. 26, 1595. At their marriage feast then most royally kept (see Stowe's *Annales*, p. 1279), if the *Dreame* had been performed, I think Stowe would have noticed it.

The best Quarto of the *Midsummer Nights Dreame* is the first, issued by Thomas Fisher in 1600, and entered in the Stationers' Company's Register on "8 Octobris, Thomas Fysshier. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Master Rodes / and the Wardens. A booke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame. vjd."—Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 174. Its titlepage is given below. Evidently later in 1600, James Roberts printed and published the second Quarto of the play, in better type, with fuller stage-directions and more exits, but with more mistakes, tho' it corrected a few of the blunders of Q1. From this worse Q2, the play was printed in the First Folio, and that was reprinted, with a few variations, in the second Folio, 1632, the third, 1664, and the fourth, 1685. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions the *Dreame* as one of Shakspeare's Comedies. The plot of the *Dreame*, such as it is, was Shakspeare's own. He got Oberon from Lord Berners's englisht *Huon of Burdeaux* (Early English Text Soc. ed. Lee, see p. 50), the name Titania from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* iii. 173 and Arthur Golding's translation of it, where Titania is a name of Diana. Puck (pooke, pixy) was the name he gave the Robin Goodfellow of English fairy-lore, of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584 (ed. Nicholson 1886, p. 67, 122), and Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594. Theseus and Hippolita came from North's englishting of Amiot's French translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, as well as the names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Ægles, Ariadne and Antiope, *Dreame* II. i. 78-80 (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, p. 15-16, 28-37); and Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* must have been also in Shakspeare's mind when he was writing of Theseus and Hippolita, and of Philostrate, the name that Arcite

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<sup>1</sup> See P. A. Daniel's paper in *Trans. New Sh. Soc.* 1877-9, p. 147.



### *A Midsommer Nights Dreame.*

took when he went to Athens after he got his freedom. The love-juice he may have derived a hint of from the MS. of the englisht Montemayor's *Diana*, printed in 1598, which he probably used in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakspeare's compliment in II. i. 148-168 to Queen Elizabeth, and his allusions to Mary, Queen of Scots, to her backers, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and to Leicester's failure to win his Queen, are displayd on a background described in Laneham's Letter on Leicester's Entertainment to Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575<sup>1</sup> and in Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

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<sup>1</sup> See the re-issue of my edition in Chatto & Windus's *Shakespeare Library*.

[not in Q, or F.]

## THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

(A star (\*) to a scene means that the Actor is in it, but does not speak.)

**THESEUS**, Duke of Athens (betrothd to **HIPPOLITA**), I.i.2, p. 2; IV.i.200, p. 46; V.i.2, p. 52.

**EGEUS**, father of **HERMIA**, I.i.20, p. 2; IV.i.200, p. 47.

**LYSANDER**, loving, & lov'd by, **HELENA**, I.i.93, p. 4; II.ii.35, 202, pp. 20, 20; III.ii.120, 401, pp. 33, 41; IV.i.140, p. 48; V.i.30, p. 53.

**DEMETRIUS**, loving, but not lov'd by, **HERMIA**, tho lov'd by **HELENA**, I.i.91, p. 3; II.i.188, p. 16; II.ii.83, p. 21; III.ii.43, 237, 404, pp. 32, 30, 41; IV.i.159, p. 48; V.i.152, p. 56.

**PHILOSTRATE**, Master of the Revels to **THESEUS**, I.i.\* p. 1; V.i.38, p. 52.

**HIPPOLITA**, Queens of the Amazones, betrothd to **THESEUS**, I.i.2, p. 2; IV.i.111, p. 47; V.i.1, 207, pp. 52, 58.

**HERMIA**, **EGEUS**' daughter, in love with **LYSANDER**, I.i.53, p. 2; II.ii.39, 145, pp. 20, 23; III.ii.45, 177, 442, pp. 31, 34, 42; IV.i.188, p. 49; V.i.\* p. 52.

**HELENA** (**HEGARS** daughter), in love with **DEMETRIUS**, I.i.181, p. 6; II.i.200, p. 16; II.ii.84, p. 21; III.ii.128, 431, pp. 33, 42; IV.i.189, p. 49; V.i.\* p. 52.

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'The Clowns,' Actors in the *Enterlude*. ('Hardhanded men that worke in Athens,' V.i.72, p. 54.)

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**QUINCE** the Carpenter (and Manager), I.ii.1, p. 8; III.i.2, 104, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii.1, p. 50.

as **PROLOGUE** (tho cast for **THIBBIES** Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.108, p. 55.

**SNUG** the Tynner, I.ii.57, p. 10; III.i.44, p. 25; IV.ii.15, p. 51.

as **LION**, V.i.125, p. 58.

**BOTTOM** the Weaver, I.ii.2, p. 8; III.i.1, p. 24; IV.i.5, 199, pp. 43, 49; IV.ii.23, p. 51.

as **PERDURUS**, V.i.128, 262, 338, pp. 57, 60, 62.

**FLUTE** the Bellows-blower, I.ii.34, p. 9; III.i.77, p. 26; IV.ii.3, p. 50.

as **THIBBY**, V.i.186, 254, 312, pp. 37, 59, 62.

## *The Names of all the Actors.*

**KNOUT** the Tinker, I.ii.53, p. 10; III.i.12, 101, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii.\* p. 50.  
as **WALL** (the cast for **PYRAMUS** Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.154, p. 56.  
**STARUELING** the Taylor, I.ii.50, p. 9; III.i.13, p. 24; IV.ii.3, p. 50.  
as **MOONSHINE** (the cast for **THISBIES** Mother, I.ii.51, p. 9), V.i.152, p. 59.  
**(TAWYER, with a Trumpet, V.i.125-6,\* p. 55.)**

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### Fairies.

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**ONCEON**, King of Fairies (with his train), II.i.60, p. 13; II.ii.27, p. 20; III.ii.1, p. 29; IV.i.45, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 63.  
**TYTANIA**, Queen of Fairies (with her train), II.i.61, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 19; III.ii.13, p. 27; IV.i.1, p. 43; V.i.383, p. 63.  
**ROBIN GOODFELLOW**, or **PUCK** (**ONCEON**'s attendant), II.i.1, 248, pp. 11, 18; II.ii.66, p. 21; III.i.76, p. 26; III.ii.6, 110, 421, pp. 30, 32, 42; IV.ii.83, p. 46; V.i.357, p. 62.  
*A Fairie*, II.i.2, p. 11. *Fairies (with a song)*, II.ii.9, p. 19.  
**FRASE-BLOSSOME**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.6, p. 43.  
**COBWEBBE**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.9, p. 43.  
**MOTE**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.\* p. 43.  
**MUSTARD-SEEDS**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.18, p. 44.

} **TYTANIAS Attendants.**

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*Scene*: Athens, Theseus Palace, & Quince's house; & a Wood near Athens.  
*Time*: April 29, 30, May 1, and May 2 at V.i.349.

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### NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (\*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First *Quarto*, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First *Folio* of 1623. F2, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ẽ.



A  
Midfommer nights  
dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times pub-  
lickely acted, by the Right honoura-  
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his  
*seruants.*

*Written by William Shakespeare.*



¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to  
be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,  
in *Fleetstreete.* 1600.

**[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]**

# A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

*Actus Primus.\* Scena Prima.*

**THESEUS** palace. Athens. April 29.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, & PHILOSTRATE, with others.*

*Theseus.*

**N**ow, faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower 1  
 Draws on apace: fower happy daies bring in  
 An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how flow  
 This old Moone wanes! She lingers my desires, 4  
 Like to a Stepdame, or a Dowager,  
 Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.

*Hip.* Fower daies will quickly steepe themfelues in night:  
 Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time: 8  
 And then the Moone, like to a fluer bowe,  
 New bent in heauen, shall beholde the night  
 Of our solemnities.

*The.* *Goe, Philostrate!*

Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments; 12  
 Awake the peart and nimble spirit of Mirth;  
 Turne Melancholy foorth to Funerals!

The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

¶ *Hyppolita*,† I woo'd thee with my sword, 16

And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries;

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

\* *Actus Primus.*] F.

4. *wanes*] *waues* (turn'd n) Q;  
*waues* Q2, F.

10. *new*] Rowe. now Q1, 2, F.

† 16. *Hyppolita*] *Hyppolitæ* Q.  
*Hippolita* Q2, F.

I

B

[L. 1. 1-19.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter EGEUS and his daughter HERMIA, and LYSANDER ;  
and HELENA, and DEMETRIUS.*

*Ege.* Happy be *Theseus*, our renown'd duke ! 20

*The.* Thanks, good *Egeus* ! Whats the newes with thee ?

*Ege.* Full of vexation, come I, with complaint  
Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

¶ Stand forth, *Demetrius* !

¶ My noble Lord, 24

This man hath my consent to marry her.

¶ Stand forth, *Lysander* !

¶ And, my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewicht the bosome of my childe.

¶ Thou, thou, *Lysander* ! thou hast giuen her rimes 28

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe :

Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impreffion of her phantasie 32

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, nosegayes, sweete-meates, (messengers

Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth :) 36

With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee,) 36

To stubborne harshnesse. ¶ And, my gracious Duke,

Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*, 40

I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens* :

As she is mine, I may dispose of her :

Which shall be, either to this gentleman, [*Points to DEMETRIUS.*

Or to her death ; according to our lawe, 44

Immediatly provided, in that case.

*The.* What say you, *Hermia* ? Be aduif'd, faire maid !

To you, your father should be as a God :

One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one 48

To whome you are but as a forme in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leaue the figure, or disfigure it :

*Demetrius* is a worthy gentleman. 52

*Her.* So is *Lysander*.

*The.*

In himselfe he is :

I. I. 20-53.]

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

But, in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,  
The other muft be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father lookt but with my eyes! 56

*The.* Rather, your eyes muft, with his iudgement, looke!

*Her.* I doe intreat your grace to pardon mee!

I know not by what power I am made bould;  
Nor how it may concerne my modesty, 60

In fuch a prefence, here to plead my thoughts:

But I befeech your Grace, that I may knowe

The worft that may befall mee in this cafe,

If I refufe to wed *Demetrius*. 64

*The.* Either to dy the death, or to abiure,  
For euer, the fociety of men.

Therefore, faire *Hermia*, queftion your defires,  
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood, 68

Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce,)

You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,

For aye to be in fhady cloyfter mew'd,

To liue a barraine fifter all your life, 72

Chaunting faint hymnes to the colde fruitlefle Moone.

Thrifé blefféd they that mafter fo their\* bloode,

To vndergoe fuch maiden pilgrimage;

But earthlyer happy, is the rofe diftild, 76

Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,

Growes, liues, and dies, in fingle bleffedneffe!

*Her.* So will I growe, fo liue, fo die, my Lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp 80

Vnto his Lordfhippe, whose vnwithéd yoake

My foule confents not to giue fouerainty.

*The.* Take time to pawfe, and, by the next newe moone,  
(The fealing day betwixt my loue and mee 84

For euerlafting bond of fellowfhippe,)

Vpon that day, either prepare to dye,

(For difobedience to your fathers will,)

Or elfe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would; 88

Or, on *Dianaes* altar, to proteft

For aye, aufteritie and fingle life.

*Deme.* Relent, sweete *Hermia*! ¶ and, *Lyfander*, yeeld

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\*74. *their*] their Q2, F. there Q.



*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Thy crazed tittle to my certaine right ! 92  
*Lyf.* You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius* ;  
 Let me haue *Hermias* ! doe you marry him !  
*Egeus.* Scornefull *Lyfander* ! true, he hath my loue ;  
 And what is mine, my loue shall render him. 96  
 And she is mine ; and all my right of her,  
 I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.  
*Lyfand.* I am, my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,  
 As well posselt ; my loue is more than his ; 100  
 My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt  
 (If not with vantage) as *Demetrius* :  
 And (which is more then all these boastes can be,)  
 I am belou'd of beautilous *Hermia*. 104  
 Why should not I then prosecute my right ?  
*Demetrius* (He auouch it to his heade !)  
 Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,  
 And won her soule ; and she (sweete Ladie) dotes, 108  
 Denoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,  
 Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.  
*The.* I must confesse that I haue heard so much ;  
 And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof ; 112  
 But, being ouer full of selfe affaires, [looks at *HYP.*  
 My minde did loose it. ¶ But, *Demetrius*, come !  
 ¶ And come, *Egeus* ! you shall goe with mee ;  
 I haue some priuate schooling for you both. 116  
 ¶ For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe  
 To fit your fancies to your fathers will ;  
 Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp  
 (Which by no meanes we may extenuate,) 120  
 To death, or to a vowe of single life.  
 ¶ Come, my *Hyppolita* ! what cheare, my loue ? [takes her  
 ¶ *Demetrius* and *Egeus*,\* goe along ! hand.  
 I must employ you in some businesse, 124  
 Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you  
 Of some thing, nerely that concernes your selues.  
*Ege.* With duety and desire, we follow you.  
 [Exeunt. Manent *LYSANDER* and *HERMIA*.†

\*123. *Egeus*] Q2, F. Egeu Q.

†127. *Exeunt. Manent* . . .] Exeunt. Manet F. Exeunt. Qq.  
 I. i. 92-127.]

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Lyfand.* How now, my loue? Why is your cheeke fo pale?  
How chance the rofes there doe fade fo faft? 129

*Her.* Belike, for want of raine, which I could well  
Beteeme them, from the tempeft of my eyes.

*Lif.* Eigh me! for aught that I could euer reade, 132  
Could euer here by tale or hiftory,  
The courfe of true loue neuer did runne ſmoother;  
But either it was different in bloud;

(*Her.* O croffe! too high to be intrald to lowe.) 136

*Lif.* Or elfe misgrafted, in refpect of yeares;

(*Her.* O fpight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.)

*Lif.* Or elfe, it ſtoode vpon the choyce of friends;

(*Her.* O hell! to choofe loue by anothers eyes.) 140

*Lyf.* Or, if there were a ſympathy in choyce,  
Warre, death, or fickneffe, did lay ſiege to it,  
Making it momentany, as a ſound;  
Swift, as a ſhadowe; ſhort, as any dreame; 144

Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,  
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth,  
And, ere a man hath power to ſay, 'Beholde!'

The iawes of darkeneffe do deuoure it vp 148  
So quicke, bright things come to confuſion!

*Her.* If, then, true louers haue bin euer croft,  
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny;  
Then let vs teach our triall, patience, 152  
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſſe,  
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,  
Wiſhes, and teares, poore Fancies followers.

*Lyf.* A good perſuaſion: therefore, heare mee, *Hermia*!  
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager, 157

Of great reuénue, and ſhe hath no childe:  
From *Athens* is her houſe remote, ſeauen leagues;  
And ſhe reſpectes mee as her only ſonne. 160

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;  
And, to that place, the ſharpe *Athenian* law  
Can not purſue vs. If thou loueſt mee, then,  
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to-morrow night; 164  
And in the wood, a league without the towne,

136. *loue*] Theobald. loue Qq, F.

154. *dewe*] Q. due Q2, F.  
[L. 1. 128-165.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,  
To do obseruance to a morne of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* [*takes Lys.'s hand*] My good *Lyfander* ' 168  
I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,  
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,  
By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,  
By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues, 172  
And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene,  
When the false *Troian* vnder saile was seene, 174  
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,  
(In number more then euer women spoke!) 176  
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,  
To-morrow truely will I meete with thee! 178  
*Lys.* Keepe promise, loue! Looke, here comes *Helena*!

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speede, faire *Helena*! whither away?

*Hel.* Call you mee 'faire'? That 'faire' againe vnay! 181  
*Demetrius* loues your 'faire': ô happy 'faire'!  
Your eyes are loadstarres; and your tongue's sweete aire 183  
More tunable then lark, to sheepeheards eare,  
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare. 185  
Sicknesse is catching: O, were fauour so,  
Your words *Ide* catch, 'faire' *Hermia*, ere I goe; 187  
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody! 189  
Were the world mine, (*Demetrius* being bated,)  
The rest ile giue to be to you translated. 191  
O, teach mee how you looke; and with what Art,  
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart! 193  
*Her.* I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.  
*Hel.* O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil!  
*Her.* I giue him curses; yet he giues mee loue.  
*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection moue! 197  
*Her.* The more I hate, the more he followes mee.  
*Hel.* The more I loue, the more he hateth mee. 199  
*Her.* His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

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182. *your*] Q. you F. 187. *Ide*] F2. I Qq, F.

191. *ide*] Q, F. ide Hanmer

I. i. 166-200.]

*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Hel.* None but your beauty : would that fault were mine !

*Her.* Take comfort ! he no more shall see my face :

*Lysander* and my selfe will fly this place. 203

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,  
Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradise to mee. 205

O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,  
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell ! 207

*Lys.* *Helen* ! to you our mindes wee will vnfold :  
To-morrow night, when *Phaebe* doth beholde 209

Her siluer visage in the wattry\* glasse,  
Decking with liquid pearle the bladed grasse, 211

(A time that louers flights doth still concale)  
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuif'd to steale. 213

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I,  
Vpon faint Primrose beddes were wont to lye, 215

(Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,)  
There, my *Lysander* and my selfe shall meete ;

And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,  
To seeke new friends and strange companions. 219

Farewell, sweete playfellow ! pray thou for vs,  
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius* ! 221

¶ Keepe word, *Lysander* ! we must starue our fight  
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight. 223

[Exit *HERMIA*.]

*Lys.* I will, my *Hermia*. ¶ *Helena*, adieu !  
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you ! [Exit *LYSANDER*.]

*Hele.* How happie some, ore otherfome can be !  
Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as shee. 227

But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinkes not so ;  
He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know. 229

And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities. 231

Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,  
Loue can transpofe to forme and dignitie. 233

Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde ;  
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde. 235

Nor hath loues minde, of any iudgement taste ;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy hafte. 237

207. vnto a] Q. into Q2, F.

\*210. wattry] watty Q. watry Q2, F.

[I. i. 201-237.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

And therefore is loue said to bee a childe,  
 Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguill'd. 239  
 As waggish boyes, in game themselues forſweare,  
 So the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where. 241  
 For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,  
 Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine. 243  
 And when this haile, some heate from *Hermia* felt,  
 So he dissolued, and showrs of oathes did melt. 245  
 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:  
 Then to the Wodde, will he, to morrow night 247  
 Pursue her: and for this intelligence,  
 If I haue thankes, it is a deare expenſe: 249  
 But herein meane I to enrich my paine,  
 To haue his fight, thither, and back againe. [Exit. 251

## *Actus Prlmus. Scena Secunda.*

**QUINCES house. Athens. April 29.**

*Enter, QUINCE the Carpenter, and SNUGGE the Ioyner, and  
 BOTTOM the Weauer, and FLUTE the Bellowes mender,  
 & SNOOT the Tinker, and STARUELING the Tayler.*

*Quin.\** Is all our company heere?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man,  
 according to the scrippe. 3

*Quin.* Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is  
 thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, be-  
 fore the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

*Bott.* Firſt, good *Peeter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on;  
 then read the names of the Actors; & ſo grow to a point! 8

*Quin.* Mary, our Play is, 'The moſt lamentable comedy,  
 and moſt cruell death, of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.'

*Bot.* A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a merry!  
 Now, good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the  
 ſcrowle! ¶ Maſters, ſpreade your ſelues! [They do ſo. 13

*Quin.* Anſwere, as I call you. ¶ *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

*Bott.* Readie! Name what part I am for, and proceede!

*Quin.* You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet downe for *Pyramus*. 16

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\*1. *Quin.*] Q2, F. *Quin.* (turn'd u) Q.

I. i. 238-251; II. 1-16.]

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Bott.* What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant? 17

*Quin.* A louer, that kills himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

*Bott.* That will aske some teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes! I wil moue stormes! I will condole, in some measure! To the rest! . . . yet my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split 23

*The raging rocks:*  
*And shiuering shocks*  
*Shall breake the locks*  
*Of prison gates!* 27  
*And Phibbus carre*  
*Shall shine from farre,*  
*And make & marre*  
*The foolish Fates!* 31

This was loftie! Now, name the rest of the Players! This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling!

*Quin.* Francis *Flute*, the Bellowes mender?

*Flu.* Here, *Peeter Quince!* 35

*Quin.* *Flute*, you must take *Thi/by* on you.

*Flut.\** What is *Thi/by*? A wandring knight?

*Quin.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue. 38

*Fl.* Nay, faith; let not me play a woman! I haue a beard comming. [*strokes his chin.*]

*Quin.* That's all one! you shall play it in a Maske; and you may speake as small as you will. 42

*Bott.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thi/by* too!† Ile speake in a monstrous little voice, thisne, thisne: 'Ah, *Pyramus*, my louer deare! thy *Thy/by* deare, & Lady deare!' 45

*Qu.* No, no! you must play *Pyramus*: ¶ & *Flute*, you *Thy/by*.

*Bot.* Well, proceede!

*Qui.* Robin *Starueling*, the Tailer? 49

*Star.* Here, *Peeter Quince!*

*Quin.* Robin *Starueling*, you must play *Thy/byes* mother.

¶ *Tom Snowte*, the Tinker?

\*37. *Flut.*] F. Fla. Q1, 2.

†43. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

44. *thisne, thisne* = this'n, this

way, this way. 'Thisne, Thisne'  
Q, F.

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Snowt. Here, Peter Quince<sup>1</sup>

53

Quin. You, *Piramus* father; my selfe, *Thybies* father<sup>1</sup>.

¶ Snugge, the Ioyner! you, the Lyons part: And, I hope, here is a Play fitted!

56

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee; [*holds out his hand*] for I am flowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extempore*; for it is nothing but roaring.

60

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too!\* I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee! I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roare againe! let him roare againe!'

64

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheffe, and the Ladies, that they would shrike; and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers sonne!

68

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I wil roare you as gently as any fucking done; I will roare you and<sup>2</sup> 'twere any Nightingale.

73

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*; for *Piramus* is a sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a fommers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you must needes play *Piramus*.

77

Bot. Well; I will vndertake it. What beard were I beitt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

80

Bot. I wil discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your Orange-tawnie bearde, your purple-in-graine beard, or your *French*-crowne-colour beard, your perfit yellow.

83

Quin. Some of your '*French* crownes' haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare-fac't. But, Maisters! here are your parts! [*glves em*] And I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night; and meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moonelight: there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete [89

<sup>1</sup> See note on *L. L. L.*, V. i. 105.

\*61. *too*] Q2, F. to Q.

69. *if*] Q1, 2. If that F.

<sup>2</sup> and = as if.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuifes known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, faile me not. 92

*Bot.* Wee will meete; & there we may rehearse most obfcenely, and coragiously. Take paines! bee perfit! adieu!

*Quin.* At the Dukes oke wee meete. 95

*Bot.* Enough! holde, or cut bowfrings! [Exeunt.]

### *Actus Secundus.\* Scena Prima.*

*A Wood neere Athens. April 30.*

Enter, a Fairie at one doore, and ROBIN GOODFELLOW  
(PUCKE) at another.

*Robin.* How now, spirit? whither wander you?

*Fa.* Ouer hill, ouer dale, 2

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Ouer parke, ouer pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5

I do wander euery where,

Swifter than the Moons sphere; 7

And I serue the Fairy Queene,

To dew her orbs vpon the greene. 9

The cowslippes tall, her Pensioners bee;

In their gold coats, spottes you see: 11

Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours;

In those freckles, liue their fauours. 13

I must goe seeke some dew-droppes here,

And hang a pearle in euery couslippes eare. 15

Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits! Ile be gon.

Our Queene, and all her Elues, come here anon. 17

*Rob.* The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.

Take heede the Queene come not within his sight; 19

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath 21

A lonely boy, stollen from an Indian king:

\* *Actus Secundus*] F.



# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

(She neuer had fo sweete a changeling;) 23  
 And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe,  
 Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde. 25  
 But shee, perforce, withhoulds the loued boy,  
 Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy. 27  
 And now, they neuer meete in groue or greene,  
 By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene, 29  
 But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,  
 Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there. 31  
*Fa.* Either I mistake your shape and making, quite,  
 Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite 33  
 Call'd *Robin goodfellow*. Are not you hee  
 That frights the maidens of the Villageree; 35  
 Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,  
 And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne; 37  
 And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme;  
 Misselead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme? 39  
 Those, that '*Hobgoblin*' call you, and '*sweete Puck*,  
 You doe their worke, and they shall haue good luck. 41  
 Are not you hee?  
*Rob.* Thou speakest aright;  
 I am that merry wanderer of the night. 43  
 I leaft to *Oberon*, and make him smile,  
 When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile, 45  
 Neyghing in likenesse of a filly fole.  
 And sometime lurke I in a goffippes bole, 47  
 In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe;  
 And, when she drinkes, against her lips I bob, 49  
 And on her withered dewlop<sup>1</sup> poure the ale.  
 The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest tale, 51  
 Sometime, for three foote stoole, mistaketh mee:  
 Then slippe I from her bumme: downe topples she, 53  
 And '*tailour*' cries, and falles into a coffe;  
 And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe, 55  
 And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare  
 '*A merrier hower was neuer wafted there!*' 57  
 But roome, Faery! here comes *Oberon*!  
*Fa.* And here, my mistresse! Would that he were gon! 59

<sup>1</sup> C. lop-eared rabbits. 46. *filly*] Q. silly Q2, F. 55. loffe = laugh.  
 [II. i. 23-59.] 12

# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

*Enter the King of Fairies, (OBERON) at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, (TYTANIA) at another, with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*! 60  
*Qu.* What! Iealous *Oberon*? ¶ Fairies, skippe hence!  
 I haue forfworne his bedde, and company.

*Ob.* Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy Lord?  
*Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady: but I know 64

When thou hast stolen away from Fairy land,  
 And, (in the shape of *Corin*,) sat all day,  
 Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,  
 To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here, 68  
 (Come from the farthest steppe of *India*),

But that, forsooth, the bounding *Amason*,  
 Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue,  
 To *Thefeus* must be wedded; and you come, 72  
 To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie?

*Ob.* How canst thou thus, (for shame,) *Tytania*,  
 Glaunce at my credit with *Hippolita*,  
 Knowing I know thy loue to *Thefeus*? 76  
 Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night  
 From *Perigenia*, whom he rauish'd?  
 And make him, with faire *Aegle* breake his faith,  
 With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*? 80

*Quee.* These are the forgeries of ieaousie:  
 And neuer, (since the middle Sommers spring)  
 Met we on hill, in dale, Forrest, or meade,  
 By pau'd fountaine, or by rushe brooke, 84  
 Or in the beach'd margent of the Sea,  
 To daunce our ringlets to the whiffling winde,  
 But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport.  
 Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine, 88  
 As in reuenge, haue suckt vp from the Sea,  
 Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,  
 Hath euery peltin riuer made so proude,  
 That they haue ouerborne their Continents. 92

61. *Fairy*] Q1, 2, F: the one chief  
 or attendant Fairy of line 58; the  
 'traine' who enter, fall back; but  
 all are included in the 'Fairies' of

l. 144.

69. *steppe*] steepe Q2, F.

79. *Aegle*] Rowe. *Eagles* Q1, 2,  
 F.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoake in vaine,  
 The Ploughman loft his sweate, and the greene corne  
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attaine a bearde :  
 The fold stands empty in the drownēd field, 96  
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flocke,  
 The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde,  
 And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,  
 For lacke of tread, are vndistinguisable. 100  
 The húmane mortals want their winter heere :  
 No night is now with hymne or carroll blest.  
 Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)  
 Pale in her anger, wafhes all the aire, 104  
 That Rheúmaticke diſeaſes doe abound ;  
 And, thorough this diſtemperature, wee ſee  
 The ſeaſons alter : hoary-headed froſts  
 Fall in the freſh lappe of the Crymſon roſe ; 108  
 And, on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,  
 An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes,  
 Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,  
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter, change 112  
 Their wonted Liueries ; and the mazēd worlde,  
 By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which :  
 And this ſame progeny of euils, comes  
 From our debate, from our diſſention : 116  
 We are their Parents and originall.  
*Oberon.* Doe you amend it, then ! it lyes in you.  
 Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon* ?  
 I doe but begge a little Changeling boy, 120  
 To be my Henchman.  
*Queene.* Set your heart at reſt !  
 The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee !  
 His mother was a Votreſſe of my order ;  
 And in the ſpicēd *Indian* ayer, by night, 124  
 Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,  
 And fat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,  
 Marking th'embarkēd traders on the flood,  
 When we haue laught to ſee the failes conceaue, 128

109. *chinne*] Q1, 2, F. *thin* | thin hair, or a thin coating of ice ?)  
 Tyrwhitt, conj. adopted by Halli- | A ſubſtitute is wanted for the beard-  
 well, &c. But why 'thin' ? (For | icicles that hang from *Hyems's* chin.  
 II. i. 93-128.] 14

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame*

And grow bigge-bellied, with the wanton winde;  
Which she, with prettie and with swimming gate,  
Following, (her wombe then rich with my young squire),  
Would imitate, and faile vpon the land, 132  
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,  
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.  
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,  
And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy; 136  
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Ob.* How long, within this wood, intend you stay?

*Quee.* Perchance, till after *Theseus* wedding day. 139  
If you will patiently daunce in our Round, 140  
And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs!  
If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts!

*Ob.* Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee!

*Quee.* Not for thy Fairy kingdome! ¶ Fairies, away! 144  
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay!

[*Exeunt TYTANIA and her Traines.*]

*Ob.* Well: goe thy way! Thou shalt not from this groue,  
Till I torment thee for this iniury!

¶ My gentle *Pucke*, come hither! Thou remembreſt, 148  
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,  
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,  
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious \* breath,  
That the rude ſea grewe ciuill at her ſong, 152  
And certaine† ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,  
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

*Puck.* I remember!

*Ob.* That very time, I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not,)  
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth, 156  
*Cupid*, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke  
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the‡ weſt,  
And loof'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bowe,  
As it ſhould pearce a hundred thouſand hearts; 160  
But, I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft  
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone;  
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,

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\*151. *harmonious*] Q2, F. her- | †153. *certaine*] Q2, F. *cettaine* Q.  
monious Q. | ‡158. *the*] F.

# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free! 164  
 Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;  
 Before, milke white; now purple, with *Loues* wound,  
 And maidens call it, 'Loue-in-idleneffe.' 168  
 Fetch mee that flowre! the herbe I shewed thee once.  
 The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,  
 Will make, or man or woman, madly dote  
 Vpon the next liue creature that it fees. 172  
 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe  
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league!  
*Pu.* Ile put a girdle, rounnd about the earth,  
 In forty minutes! [Exlt. 176  
*Oberon.* Hauing once this iuice,  
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a-sleepe,  
 And droppe the liquor of it in her eyes:  
 The next thing then, she, waking, lookes vpon,  
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, 180  
 On medling Monky, or on busie Ape,)  
 She shall pursue it, with the foule of Loue.  
 And ere I take this charme from off\* her fight,  
 (As I can take it with another herbe,) 184  
 Ile make her render vp her Page to mee.  
 But who comes here? I am inuifible;  
 And I will ouerheare their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Deme.* I loue thee not! therefore pursue me not! 188  
 Where is *Lyfander*, and faire *Hermia*?  
 The one Ile slay; the other slayeth me.  
 Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood:  
 And here am I; and 'wodde' (within this 'wood,') 192  
 Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.  
 Hence! get thee† gone! and follow mee no more!  
*Hel.* You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant!  
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart 196

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\*183. *from off*] from of [= off] Q1, 2, F.  
 Q; off from Q2, F. 192. *wodde* = mad.  
 190. *slay* . . . *slayeth*] Theobald †194. *thee*] Q2, F. the Q.  
 (Thirlby conj.). stay . . . stayeth  
 [II. i. 164-196.] 16

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Is true as Steele. Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you!

*Deme.* Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?  
Or rather, doe I not, in plainest truth, 200  
Tell you, 'I doe not, nor\* I cannot love you'?

*Hele.* And even for that, do I love you the more;  
I am your Spaniell! and, *Demetrius*,  
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you. 204  
Use me but as your Spaniell! spurne me, strike mee,  
Neglect mee, loose me! onely giue me leave,  
(Unworthie as I am,) to follow you!  
What worse place can I begge in your love, 208  
(And yet, a place of high respect with mee,)  
Then to be used as you use your dogge?

*Deme.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick when I do looke on thee! 212

*Hele.* And I am sick when I looke not on you!

*Deme.* You doe impeach your modestie too much,  
To leave the citie, and commit your selfe  
Into the hands of one that loves you not; 216  
To trust the opportunitie of night,  
And the ill counsell of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your vertue is my privilege. For that 220  
It is not night when I doe see your face,  
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,  
For you, (in my respect,) are all the world. 224  
Then, how can it be said, 'I am alone,'

When 'all the world' is here to looke on mee?  
*Deme.* Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beastes! 228

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you!  
Runne when you will; The story shall be chaung'd:  
*Apollo* flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;  
The Dove pursues the Griffon; the milde Hinde 232  
Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Bootelesse speede,  
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies!

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\*201. *nor*] F. not Q1, 2.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Demet.* I will not stay thy questions! Let me goe!  
Or, if thou followe mee, do not beleue 236  
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* I, in the Temple, in the towne, the felde,  
You doe me mischief! Fy, *Demetrius!*  
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sex! 240  
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe! 242

[*Exit DEMETRIUS.*]

He follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,  
To dy vpon the hand I loue so well! [*Exit* \* *HELENA.*]

*Ob.* Fare thee well, Nymph! Ere he do leaue this groue,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue! 246

*Re-enter PUCKE.*

¶ Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer!

*Puck.* I, there it is! [*holds it out.*]

*Ob.* I pray thee, giue it mee! [*takes it.*]

I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes,  
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes, 250

Quite ouercanopi'd, with luscious woodbine,  
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine: 252

There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,  
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight; 254

And there the snake, throwes her enammeld skinne,  
Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in. 256

And, with the iuyce of this, He streake her eyes,  
And make her full of hatefull phantasies. 258

Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue!  
A sweete *Athenian* Lady, is in loue 260

With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes;  
But doe it, when the next thing he espies, 262

May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man  
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on. 264

Effect it with some care, that he may prooue  
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue: 266

And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe!

*Pu.* Feare not, my Lord! your seruant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

---

238. *the felde*] Q. and *felde* Q2, F. | 251. ? An Alexandrine, or *Quite*  
\*244. *Exit Helena.*] *Exit.* Q2, F. | *ouer* / *canopi'd* / 2 measures or feet.

II. i. 235-268.]

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

## Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

### Another part of the Woode.

*Enter TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song! 1  
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence!  
 Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds;  
 Some warre with Reremise, for their lethren wings, 4  
 To make my small Elues coates; and some keepe backe  
 The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders  
 At our quaint spirits! Sing me now a-sleepe! \*  
 Then to your offices, and let mee rest! 8

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue, 9  
 Thorny Hedgehogges, be not seene!  
 Newts and blindewormes, do no wrong!  
 Come not neere our Fairy Queene! 12  
 Philomele, with melody,  
 Sing in our sweete Lullaby,  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
 Neuer harme, 16  
 Nor spell, nor charme,  
 Come our louely lady nigh!  
 So, good night, with lullaby! 19

1. Fai. Weauing Spiders, come not heere! 20  
 Hence, you long legd Spinners, hence!  
 Beetles blacke, approach not neere!  
 Worme nor snail, doe no offence! 23  
 All. Philomele, with melody, &c. [TITANIA sleeps.†  
 2. Fai. Hence, away! now all is well:  
 One aloofe, stand Centinell! [Exeunt Fairies.

---

\*7. a-sleepe] Q2, F. a sleepe Q. | sleeps. F (after line 26).  
 20. 1. Fai.] 2 Fairy Q. | 25. 2. Fai.] Q. 1 Fairy F.  
 †24. Titania sleeps.] Shee |



# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter OBERON. He squeezes iuice from the Pansy on  
TITANIAS clos'd eyelids.*

*Ob.* What thou seeft when thou doeft wake, 27  
Doe it for thy true loue take!  
Loue and languifh for his fake! 29  
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,  
Pard, or Boare with briftled haire, 31  
In thy eye that fhall appeare  
When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare!  
Wake, when fome vile thing is neere! [Exit. 34

*Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Faire loue! you fainte with wandring in the wood;  
And to fpeake troth, I haue forgot our way!  
*Wee*le reft vs, *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,  
And tarry for the comfort\* of the day. 38  
*Her.* Be † it fo, *Lyfander*! finde you out a bedde!  
For I, vpon this banke will reft my head. [Lyes downe.  
*Lys.* One turfe fhall ferue as pillow for vs both;  
One heart, one bedde, two bofomes, and one troth! 42  
*Her.* Nay, good ‡ *Lyfander*! for my fake, my deere,  
Ly further off yet! doe not lye fo neere! 44  
*Lys.* O, take the fenfe, Sweete, of my innocence!  
Loue takes the meaning in loues conference. 46  
I meane, that my heart vnto yours is § knit,  
So that but 'one heart' wee can make of it; 48  
'Two bofomes' interchain'd with an oath;  
So then, 'two bofomes,' and a fingle 'troth.' 50  
Then, by your fide, no bed-roome me deny;  
For, 'lying' fo, *Hermia*, I doe not 'lye'!  
*Her.* *Lyfander* riddles very prettily! 53  
Now, much befhwere my manners and my pride,  
If *Hermia* meant to fay, *Lyfander* 'lyed'! 55  
But, gentle friend, for loue and curtefie,  
Ly further off! In humane modefty, 57  
Such feparation, as may well be faid

---

\*38. *comfort*] Q2, F. *comfor* Q. | ‡43. *good*] Q2, F. *god* Q.  
†39. *Be*] Q2, F. *Bet* Q. | § 47. *is*] Q2, F. *it* Q.  
II. ii. 27-58 ] 20

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Becomes a vertuous batcheler and a maide: [*points away.* 59

So farre, be distant! and, good night, sweete friend!

Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end! 61

*Lys.* 'Amen! amen!' to that faire prayer, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty! 63

Heere is my bed: sleepe giue thee all his rest!

[*Lyes downe apart.*

*Her.* With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest! 65

[*They sleepe.\**

*Enter PUCKE.*

*Puck.* Through the forrest haue I gone;

But *Athenian* found I none, 67

On whose eyes I might approue

This flowers force in stirring loue. [*Sees LYSANDER.* 69

Night and silence! Who is heere?

Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare! 71

This is hee (my master saide)

Despised the *Athenian* maide! [*Sees HERMIA.* 73

And here the maiden, sleeping found,

On the danke and dirty ground! 75

Pretty fowle! she durst not lye

Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtisie! 77

¶ Churle! vpon thy eyes I throwe

[*Squeezes iulce on Lys.'s eyelids.*

All the power this charme doth owe! 79

When thou wak'ft, let loue forbidde

Sleepe, his feat on thy eye lidde! 81

So awake, when I am gon;

For I must now to *Oberon*! [*Exit.* 83

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill mee, sweete *Demetrius*!

*De.* I charge thee, Hence! and doe not haunt mee thus!

*Hele.* O, wilt thou (darkling) leaue mee? doe not so!

*De.* Stay, on thy perill! I alone will goe! [*Exit.†* 87

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond chafe!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace! 89

Happie is *Hermia*, wherefoere she lies;

\*65. *They sleepe.*] F.

†87. *Exit.*] Exit *Demetrius.* F.

*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes! 91  
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares!  
 If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers. 93  
 No, no! I am as vgly as a Beare;  
 For beastes that meete mee, runne away for feare! 95  
 Therefore, no maruaile though *Demetrius*  
 Doe, as a monfter, fly my prefence thus! 97  
 What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,  
 Made me compare with *Hermias* spherie eyen? [*sees Lys.* 99  
 But who is here? *Lyfander*? on the ground?  
 Dead? or a-sleepe? I see no blood, no wound! 101  
 ¶ *Lyfander*! if you liue, good sir, awake! [*shakes him.*  
*Lyf.* [*Waking*] And runne through fire I will, for thy  
 sweete sake! 103  
 Transparent *Helena*! Nature shewes Arte,  
 That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart! 105  
 Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sworde! 107  
*Hel.* Do not say so, *Lyfander*! say not so!  
 What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though? 109  
 Yet *Hermia* still loues you: then be content!  
*Lyf.* 'Content' with '*Hermia*'? No! I doe repent  
 The tedious minutes I with her haue spent! 112  
 Not '*Hermia*,' but *Helena*, I loue!  
 Who will not change a Rauens for a doue? 114  
 The will of man, is by his reason swai'd;  
 And 'reason' saies you are the worthier maide. 116  
 Things growing, are not ripe vntill their season:  
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to 'reason'; 118  
 And touching now the point of humane skill,  
 'Reason' becomes the Marshall to my will, 120  
 And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke  
 Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke! 122  
*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?  
 When, at your hands, did I deserue this scorne? 124  
 Ist not enough, ist not enough, young man,  
 That I did neuer, no, nor neuer can, 126  
 Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,  
 But you must flout my insufficiency? 128  
 Good troth, you doe mee wrong, (good sooth, you doe!)  
 IL. ii. 91-129.] 22

*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

In such difdainfull manner mee to wooe! 130  
But fare you well! perforce, I must confesse,  
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse. 132  
O, that a Ladie, of one man refus'd,  
Should of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit. 134  
*Lys.* She sees not *Hermia*! ¶ *Hermia*, sleepe thou there;  
And neuer maist thou come *Lyfander* neere! 136  
For, as a surfet of the sweetest things,  
The deepest loathing, to the stomacke bringes: 138  
Or, as the heresies that men doe leaue,  
Are hated most of those they did deceiue, 140  
So thou, my surfet and my heresie,  
Of all bee hated! but the most, of mee! 142  
And, all my powers, addresse your loue and might,  
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight! [Exit. 144  
*Her.* [Waking] Helpe mee, *Lyfander*! helpe mee! do  
thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my brest! 146  
Ay mee, for pittie! What a dreame was here!  
*Lyfander*! looke how I doe quake with feare! 148  
Me thought a serpent eate my heart away,  
And you sate smiling at his cruell pray! 150  
*Lyfander*! what! remou'd? *Lyfander*! Lord!  
What! out of hearing gon? No sound? no word? 152  
Alacke! where are you? Speake, and if you heare!  
Speake, of all loues! I swoune almost with feare! 154  
No? then I well perceiue you are not ny:  
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately! [Exit. 156

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

### *Actus Tertius.\* Scena Prima.*

*The Wood neere Athens. TITANIA asleepe. April 30.*

*Enter the Clownes, BOTTOM, QUINCE, SNOOT, STAEVELING, SNUGGE, and FLUTE.*

*Bot.* Are wee all met? 1

*Quin.* Pat, pat! and here's a maruailes conuenient place, for our rehearfall! This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne-brake our tyring house [*points to them*]; and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke! 5

*Bot.* Peeter Quince?

*Quin.* What saiest thou, bully Bottom? 7

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide! How anfwere you that? 11

*Snout.* Berlakin! a parlous feare!

*Star.* I beleue we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit! I haue a deuise to make all well! Write me a Prologue; and let the Prologue seeme to say, 'we wil do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede': and for the more better assurance, tel them that 'I, *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer!'! this will put them out of feare. 19

*Quin.* Well! wee will haue such a Prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. 21

*Bot.* No: make it two more! let it be written in eight & eight!

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

*Star.* I feare it, I promise you! 25

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to confider with your selues,† to bring in (God shielde vs!) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing! For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon, liuing; & we ought to looke toote! 29

\* *Actus Tertius*] F.  
2. *maruailes*] Q: its way of spelling the *maruailous* of Q2, F. | Cp. 'maruailes hairy,' IV. i. 24, p. 44.  
† 26. *selues*] F. selfe Q1, 2.  
III. i. 1-29.] 24

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Sno.* Therefore, another Prologue must tel he is 'not a Lion!' 31

*Bot.* Nay! you must name his name; and halfe his face must be seene through the Lions necke; and he himselve must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; 'Ladies!' or 'faire Ladies!' 'I would wish you,' or 'I would request you,' or 'I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours! If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life! No! I am no such thing! I am a man, as other men are!' & there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is '*Snugge* the Ioyner!' 40

*Quin.* Well: it shall be so! But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thi/by* meete by Moone-light. 43

*Snuggs.* Doth the Moone shine\* that night we play our Play?

*Bo.* A Calender, a Calender! looke in the Almanack! finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine! [night!]

*Quin.* [*producing an Almanack*] Yes! it doth shine that

*Bot.*† Why, then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shine in at the casement. 51

*Quin.* I! or els, one must come in with a bush of thorns & a lantern, and say 'he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moone-shine.' Then, there is another thing: we must haue a wal in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* & *Thi/by* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. 56

*Snout.* You can neuer bring in 'a wal'! What say you, *Bottom*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present 'wall:' and let him haue some plaster, or som lome, or some rough-cast, about him; to signifie 'wall'; and let him holde his fingers thus [ < ]; and through that crany, shall *Pyramus* and *Thi/by* whisper. 61

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and reherse your parts! [*They sit downe.*] ¶ *Pyramus*, you beginne! when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake! and so euery one according to his cue.

44. *Snugge*] Sn. Q1, 2, F. Snug F2. (*Snout* Cam., not letting *Snugge* speak in this scene.)

\*44. *shine*] Q2, F. shine Q.

†49. *Bot.*] Q2, F. Cet. Q. 60. and] Delius (Collier). or Q1, 2, F.

<sup>1</sup> See line 4, abuv, p. 24.

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter ROBIN (PUCKE), behind.

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swaggring here,  
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?  
What! a play toward! Ile be an Auditor;  
An Actor too,\* perhappes, if I see cause. 69

Quin. Speake, Pyramus! ¶ Thyby, stand forth!

[They advance.

Pyra. Thisby, the flowers of odious sauours sweete, . . .

(Quin. Odours! odours! †)

Py. Odours sauours sweete :

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare! 73

But harke! a voice! stay thou but heere a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare.

[Exit 'Into that Brake'.

(Puck.‡ A stranger Pyramus then ere played heere!)

[Follows BOT.

Thyf. [FLUTE.] Must I speake now? 77

Quin. I, marry, must you! For you must vnderstand, he  
goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyf. Most radiant Pyramus! most lillie white of hewe!

(Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer;)

Most brisky Iuuenall, and ecke most louely Iewe! 81

As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,  
Ile meete thee, Pyramus, at Ninnies tounge!

84

Quin. 'Ninus tounge,' man! Why! you must not speake  
that yet! That, you answere to Pyramus! You speake al  
your part at once, cues and all! ¶ Pyramus, enter! your cue  
is past: It is; 'neuer tyre.' 88

Thyf. O! 'As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre!'

Re-enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOME) with the Asse head.§ ROBIN  
follows, stamping (see III. II. 25).

Py. If I were faire, Thyby, I were onely thine! . . .

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted! Pray,  
masters, fly! || masters, helpe! 92

[The Clownes all exeunt, save BOTTOME.

\*69. too] Q2, F. to Q.

†72. odours] F. odorous Q1, 2.

‡76. Puck] F. Quin. Q1, 2.

III. I. 66-92.]

§89. Enter . . . Asse head.] F

(after I. 98).

||92. fly] flye Q2, F. sly Q.

*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Rob.* Ile follow you! Ile leade you about a Round,  
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer!  
Sometime a horle Ile be, sometime a hound,  
A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier, 96  
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,  
Like horle, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne! [*Exit.*  
*Bott.* Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of  
them, to make mee afeard. 100

*Re-enter SNOWTE.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd! What doe I see on thee?  
*Bot.* What doe you see? You see an Asse-head of your  
owne, Do you? [*Exit SNOWTE.*

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Blesse thee, *Bottom*! blesse thee! Thou art translated!  
[*Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knauery! This is to make an asse of mee;  
to fright me, if they could. But I wil not stirre from this  
place, do what they can! I will walke vp and downe heere,  
and I will sing, that they shall heare I am not afraide: 108

[*Sings*] *The Woofell cock, so blacke of hewe,*

*With Orange tawny bill,*

*The Throfile, with his note so true,*

*The Wren, with little quill, . . .* 112

(*Tytania.* [*wakes*] What Angell wakes me from my flowry  
bed?)

*Bot.* [*sings*] *The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,*

*The plainsong Cuckow gray,*

(*Whose note, full many a man doth marke,*

*And dares not answere, 'nay!')* . . . . . 117

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde? Who  
would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer so?

*Tita.* [*rites*] I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe!

Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note; 121

So is mine eye entrall'd to thy shape;

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,

On the first viewe, to say, to sweare, 'I loue thee!' 124

*Bott.* Meethinks, mistresse, you should haue little reason  
for that! And yet, to say the truth, reason and loue keepe  
little company together, now a daies! The more the pittie,



## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

that some honest neighbours will not make them friends!  
Nay, I can gleeke, vpon occasion. 129

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautifull!

*Bott.* Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out  
of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne\* turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe!

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no! 134

I am a spirit, of no common rate,

(The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state;) 136

And I doe loue thee! therefore, goe with mee!

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee; 138

And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe: 140

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe. 142

¶ *Pease-blossome! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seede!*

*Enter these foure Fairyes.*

1. *Fairie.* Readie!

2. *Fairie.* And I!

3. *Fairie.* And I!

4. *Fairie.* And I!

All 4. Where shall we goe?

*Tita.* Be kinde and courteous to this gentleman; [*points to B.*

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes; 146

Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries;

The hony bagges, steale from the Humble-Bees; 149

And, for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,

And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,

To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies, 153

To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes!

Nod to him, Elues, and doe him curtesies! [*They do so.* 155

1. *Fai.* Haile, mortall!

\*132. *owhe*] Q2, F. owe Q. consecutive identical rymes in *Shakspere*. See 8 in *y*, below, p. 32;  
144. 1. *Fairie* . . . *All*] Capell. and 8 in *e*, p. 46; and 7 in *ing*,  
'*Fairies*. Readie: and I, and I, *Lucrece*, 428-434.  
and I.' Q, F. 146-155: the only instance of 10 156-159. 1. *Fairie*. . . 4. *Fairie*.  
III. L 128-156.] 28

## A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

2. *Fai.* Haile!  
 3. *Fai.* Haile!  
 4. *Fairie.* Haile! 156  
*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, hartily! I beseech your worshippes name!  
*Cob.* *Cobwebbe*! 159  
*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master *Cobweb*! if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you.  
 ¶ Your name, honest gentleman?  
*Pea.* *Pease-blossome*! 163  
*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too.  
 ¶ Your name, I beseech you, sir!  
*Must.* *Mustardseede*! 168  
*Bot.* Good master *Mustardseede*, I know your patience well. That same cowardly gyantlike Ox-beefe hath deuour'd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire your\* more acquaintance, good master *Mustardseede*. 173  
*Tita.* Come, waite vpon him! leade him to my bower! 174  
 The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye;  
 And when thee weepes, weepes euery little flower, 176  
 Lamenting some enforc'd chafitie!  
 Ty vp my louers tongue! bring him silently! 178  
 [Exeunt, Fairies leading BOTTOM.]

### Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Wood. April 30.

*Enter OBERON, King of Fairies; and soon after, ROBIN GOODFELLOW (PUCK).*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't!  
 Then, what it was, that next came in her eye,  
 Which she must dote on, in extremitie! 3

*Haile* [Capell. 1. *Fai.* *Haile mor-tall, haile.* 2. *Fai.* *Haile.* 3. *Fai.* *Haile.* Q1, 2, F. (Capell's change suits best *Titania's* 'Elues,' l. 155. The 3 Fairies only, of Q, F, suits

best Bottom's leaving out *Moth* afterwards here, as he does in IV.i.) 166. *too*] to Q1, 2, F.  
 \*172. *your*] you Q.  
 178. *Exeunt.*] Exit. Q1, 2, F.

# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter PUCKE.

Here comes my messenger ! ¶ How now, mad spirit ?	4
What night-rule now, about this haunted groue ?	
<i>Puck.</i> My mistresse, with a monster is in loue !	6
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,	
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,	8
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,	
That worke for bread, vpon <i>Athenian</i> stalles,	10
Were met together, to rehearse a play	
Intended for great <i>Theſeus</i> nuptiall day.	12
The shallowest thickskinne of that barraine fort,	
(Who <i>Pyramus</i> presented in their sport,)	14
Forooke his Scene, and entred in a brake.	
VVhen I did him at this aduantage take,	16
An Asses nole I fixèd on his head.	
Anon his <i>Thiſbie</i> muſt be answerèd ;	18
And forth my Minnick comes ! When they him ſpy,—	
As wilde geefe, that the creeping Foulèr eye,	20
Or ruſſet-pated choughes, many in fort	
(Ryſing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)	22
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the ſky,	
So, at his ſight,—away his fellowes fly !	24
And, at our ſtampe, here, ore and ore, one falles ;	
He ‘murther’ cryes, and ‘helpe’ from <i>Athens</i> calles.	26
Their ſenſe thus weake, loſt with their feares thus ſtrong,	
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to doe them wrong ;	28
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell ſnatch :	
Some, ſleeues ; ſome, hats ; from yeelders all things catch.	30
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,	
And left ſweete <i>Pyramus</i> translated there :	32
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe,)	
<i>Tytania</i> wak’t, and ſtraight-way lou’d an Aſſe !	34
<i>Ob.</i> This falles out better then I could deuife !	
But haſt thou yet latcht the <i>Athenians</i> eyes,	36
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe ?	
<i>Rob.</i> I tooke him ſleeping, (that is finiſht too !*)	38
And the <i>Athenian</i> woman by his ſide ;	
That, when he wak’t, of force ſhe muſt be ey’d.	40

19. *Minnick*] Q1. Minnock Q2. Mimmick F. \*38. *too*] to Qq, F.  
III. ii. 4-40.] 30

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*Ob.* Stand clofe! this is the ſame *Athenian*.  
*Rob.* This is the woman; but not this the man! 42  
*Demet.* O, Why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?  
 Lay breath ſo bitter, on your bitter foe! 44  
*Her.* Now I but chide: but I ſhould vſe thee worſe,  
 For thou (I feare,) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe! 46  
 If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe,  
 Being ore ſhoos in blood, plunge in the deepe, 48  
 & kill mee too!\*

The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,  
 As hee to mee! Would hee haue ſtollen away 51  
 From† ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleuee as ſoone,  
 This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone 53  
 May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe  
 Her brothers noonetide with th'*Antipodes*. 55  
 It cannot be but thou haſt murdered him!  
 So, ſhould a murtherer looke! ſo dead, ſo grimme! 57  
*Dem.* 'So ſhould' the murdered 'looke,' and 'ſo ſhould' I,  
 Pearſt through the heart with your ſterne cruelty! 59  
 Yet you, the 'murtherer,' looke as bright, as cleere,  
 As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering ſpheare. [*points to V.*  
*Her.* What's this to my *Lyſander*? Where is hee?  
 Ah, good *Demetrius*! wilt thou giue him mee? 63  
*Deme.* I had rather giue his carcaſſe to my hounds!  
*Her.* Out, dog! out, curre! thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds  
 Of maidens patience! Haſt thou ſlaine him, then?  
 Henceforth be neuer numbred among men! 67  
 O, once tell true! tell true, euen for my ſake!  
 Durſt thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake, 69  
 And haſt thou kild him ſleeping? O braue tutch!  
 Could not a worme, an Adder, do ſo much? 71  
 An Adder did it! For with doubler tongue  
 Then thyne, (thou ſerpent!) neuer Adder ſtung! 73  
*Deme.* You ſpende your paſſion on a miſpriſ'd mood:  
 I am not guilty of *Lyſanders* bloode; 75  
 Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.  
*Her.* I pray thee, tell mee, then, that he is well. 77

\*49. too] F. to Q1, 2.

†52. From] Q2, F. Frow Q.

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

De. And if I could, what should I get therefore ?	
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more :	79
And from thy hated presence part I !	
See me no more, whether he be dead or no !	[Exit.
Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine :	
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.	83
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe,	
For debt, that bankrout sleepe doth sorrow owe :	85
Which now (in some slight measure) it will pay ;	
If (for his tender) here I make some stay.	87
	[Lyes doune & sleepest.
Ob. [to ROB.] What hast thou done ? Thou hast mistaken quite,	
And laid the loue-iuice on some true loues fight !	89
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue	
Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true !	91
Robi. Then fate orerules, that, one man holding troth,	
A million faile, confounding oath on oath !	93
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde !	
And Helena of Athens, looke thou finde !	95
All fancy-sicke she is, and pale of cheere,	
With fighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.	97
By some illusion, see thou bring her here !	
Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare.	99
Robin. I goe, I goe ! looke how I goe !	
Swifter then arrow, from the Tartars bowe !	[Exit. 101
Ob. Flower of this purple dy,	102
Hit with Cupids archery,	
Sinke in apple of his eye ! [Drops lulce Into DEMETRIUS eyes.	
When his loue he doth espy,	105
Let her shine as gloriously	
As the Venus of the sky !	107
When thou wak'st, if she be by,	
Begge of her, for remedy !	109

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,

80. I] Q, F. I so, Pope.	87. Lyes doune & sleepest] Collier.
85. sleepest] Rowe. slippe Q.	Ly doune Q.
slip Q2, F.	
III. il. 78-110.]	32

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Helena* is heere at hande ; 111  
 And the youth, mistooke by mee,  
 Pleading for a louers fee.  
 Shall wee their fond pageant see ?  
 Lord ! what fooles these mortals bee ! 115  
*Ob.* Stand aside ! The noyse they make,  
 Will caufe *Demetrius* to awake. 117  
*Pu.* Then will two, at once wooe one !  
 That must needes be sport alone ; 119  
 And those things do best please mee,  
 That befall prepoit'rously. 121

*Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should wooe in scorne ?  
 Scorne and derision, neuer come in teares.  
 Looke, when I vow, I weepe ; and vowes so borne,  
 In their natiuitie all truth appeares. 125  
 How can these things in mee, seeme scorne to you,  
 Bearing the badge of faith, to prooue them true ? 127  
*Hel.* You doe aduance your cunning, more and more. 128  
 When trueth killes truth, ô diuelish-holy fray !  
 These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore ?  
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing waigh. 131  
 Your vowes to her and mee, (put in two scales,)  
 Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales. 133  
*Lys.* I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.  
*Hel.* Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore. 135  
*Lys.* *Demetrius* loues her ; and he loues not you.  
*Deme.* [*Waking*] O *Helen* ! goddesse, nymph, perfect, diuine !  
 To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne ? 138  
 Christall is muddy ! O, how ripe in shewe,  
 Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe ! 140  
 That pure conieal'd white, high *Taurus* snow,  
 Fand with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crowe, 142  
 When thou holdst vp thy hand ! O ! let me kisse  
 [*tries to kiss her hand.*]  
 This Princeesse of pure white, this seale of blisse ! 144  
*Hel.* O spight ! O hell ! I see, you all are bent  
 To set against mee, for your merriment ! 146  
 If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

You would not doe mee thus much iniury. Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe, But you must ioyne in foules, to mocke mee too? If you were men, as men you are in showe, You would not vse a gentle Lady so; To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts, When I am sure you hate mee with your hearts. You both are Riuals, and loue <i>Hermia</i> ; And now both Riualles, to mock <i>Helena</i> . A trim exploit, a manly enterprise, To cóniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes, With your derision! None of noble sort Would so offend a virgine, and extort A poore foules patience, all to make you sport! <i>Lyfand.</i> You are vnkinde, <i>Demetrius</i> ! be not so! For you loue <i>Hermia</i> ; this, you know, I know; And heare, <sup>1</sup> with all good will, with all my heart, In <i>Hermias</i> loue I yeelde you vp my part: And yours of <i>Helena</i> , to mee bequeath, Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death! <i>Hel.</i> Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath! <i>Deme.</i> <i>Lyfander</i> , keepe thy <i>Hermia</i> ! I will none! If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone! My heart to her, but as gueftwise soiournd; And now to <i>Helen</i> , is it home returnd, There to remaine. <i>Lyf.</i> <i>Helen</i> , it is not so! <i>Deme.</i> Disparage not the faith thou dost not know, Leaft, to thy perill, thou aby it deare! [ <i>points to HERM.</i> ] Looke where thy loue comes! yonder is thy deare!	148 150 152 154 156 158 161 163 165 168 170 172 174 176
--	--

*Re-enter HERMIA.*

<i>Her.</i> Darke night, that from the eye his function takes, The eare more quicke of apprehension makes; Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense, It payes the hearing, double recompence. ¶ Thou art not, by myne eye, <i>Lyfander</i> , found: Mine eare, (I thanke it,) brought me to thy found!	178 180
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<sup>1</sup> *heare* = here.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?

*Lys.* Why should hé stay, whom loue doth presse to go?

*Her.* What 'loue' could 'presse' *Lyfander* from my fide?

*Lys.* *Lyfanders* 'loue,' (that would not let him bide,) 186

Faire *Helena*! who more engilds the night

Then all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. [*points to stars.*

Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,

The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so? 190

*Her.* You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee! 191

*Hel.* Lo! she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,

To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee. 194

¶ Iniurious *Hermia*! most vngratefull maide!

Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd,

To baite mee with this foule derisiõ?

Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd, 198

(The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,

When we haue chid the haffie-footed time

For parting vs;) O, is all forgot?

All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence? 202

VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

Haue, with our needles, created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key, 206

As if our hands, our sides, voyces and mindes,

Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet an vnion in partitiõ: 210

Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crownèd with one creast. 214

And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,

To ioyn with men in scorning your poore friend?

It is not friendly, tis not maidenly!

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, 218

Though I alone doe fele the iniury!

*Her.* I am amazèd at your words!

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213. *like*] Theobald (Folkes conj.). life Q1, 2, F.



*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

I scorne you not! It seemes that you scorne mee!  
*Hel.* Haue you not set *Lyfander*, as in scorne, 222  
 To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?  
 And made your other loue, *Demetrius*,  
 (Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote,) 226  
 To call mee 'goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,  
 Pretious, celestially?' VVherefore speakes he this  
 To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyfander*  
 Deny your loue, (so rich within his soule,)  
 And tender mee (forsooth!) affection, 230  
 But by your setting on, by your consent?  
 VVhat though I be not so in grace as you,  
 So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate,  
 (But miserable most, to loue vnlo'd?) 234  
 This you should pittie, rather then despise!  
*Her.* I vnderstand not what you meane by this!  
*Hel.* I! doe! Perseuer! counterfeit sad looks!  
 Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back! 238  
 Winke each at other! holde the sweete ieast vp!  
 This sport, well carried, shall bee chronicled!  
 If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,  
 You would not make mee such an argument. 242  
 But fare ye well! tis partly my owne fault;  
 Which death, or absence soone shall remedy! [*Walks away.*]  
*Lyf.* Stay, gentle *Helena*! heare my excuse,  
 My loue! my life! my soule! faire *Helena*! 246  
*Hel.* O excellent!  
*Herm.* Sweete! doe not scorne her so!  
*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compell.  
*Lyf.* Thou canst 'compell' no more, then she 'intreat.'  
 Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake prayers.  
 ¶ *Helen*! I loue thee! by my life I doe!  
 I sweare by that which I will loose for thee,  
 To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not! 253  
*Dem.* I say, I loue thee more then he can do!  
*Lyf.* If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it too!\* 255  
*Dem.* Quick, come!

250. *prayers*] Theobald. praise Q1, 2, F.

\*255. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

III. ll. 221-256.]

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# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Her.* *Lyfander*, whereto tends all this?  
[*She throws her arms round him.*

*Lyf.* Away! you *Ethiop*! [*He struggles with her.*

*Dem.* [To *HERMIA*] No, no! heele . . . . 257

[To *LYS.*] Seeme to breake loofe! take on as you would follow,  
But yet come not! You are a tame man! go! 259

*Lyf.* Hang off, thou cat, thou bur! Vile thing, let loofe!  
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent!

*Her.* Why are you growne fo rude? What change is this,  
Sweete loue?

*Lyf.* Thy 'loue'! Out, tawny *Tartar*, out! 263  
Out, loathēd medicine! ô hated potion, hence!

*Her.* Doe you not ieast?

*Hel.* Yes, sooth: and so doe you!

*Lyf.* *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would I had your bond; for I perceiue, 267  
A weake 'bond' holds you. [*Points to HERM.*] Ile not trust  
your word!

*Lyf.* What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so! [*Throws HERM. off.*

*Her.* What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?  
'Hate' mee! wherefore? O me! what newes, my loue?  
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyfander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while. 274

Since night, you lou'd mee; yet 'since night,' you left mee;  
Why then, 'you left mee' (ô, the gods forbid!)

In earnest, shall I say?

*Lyf.* I, by my life!

And neuer did desire to see thee more.

Therefore\* be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine! nothing truer! tis no ieast, 280

That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*!

*Her.* O mee! ¶ [To *HEL.*] You iuggler! you canker blossome!

You theefe of loue! what? haue you come by night,

And stolne my loues heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine, I faith! 284

257. *Dem.* would have said to *Lyfander*, 'No, no: heele not fight! He loves his own skin too well!' or something of the kind.—Sped-  
ding (who is followd abuv). F reads 'No, no, Sir, seeme,' &c.  
260. *off*] Q2, F. of Q.  
\*279. *Therefore*] Q2, F. *Therefore* Q.  
[III. ii. 256-284.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
 No touch of bashfulnesse? What? will you teare  
 Impatient answeres from my gentle tongue?  
 Fy, fy! you counterfeit, you puppet, you! 288  
*Her.* 'Puppet'? Why, so! I, that way goes the game!  
 Now I perceiue that she hath made compare  
 Betweene our statures; she hath vrg'd her height;  
 And with her personage, her tall personage, 292  
 Her 'height,' (forsooth!) she hath preuaild with him.  
 ¶ And are you growne so 'high' in his esteeme,  
 Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe?  
 How 'lowe' am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake! 296  
 How 'lowe' am I? I am not yet so 'lowe,'  
 But that my nailles can reach vnto thine eyes! [*makes at Hel.*  
*Hel.* I pray you, though you mocke me, gentlemen,\*  
 Let her not hurt me! [*Gets behind them.*] I was neuer curst;  
 I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;  
 I am a right maid, for my cowardize:  
 Let her not strike mee! You, perhaps, may thinke,  
 Because she is something lower then my selfe, 304  
 That I can match her! . . . .  
*Her.* 'Lower'?! harke, againe!  
*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me!  
 I euermore did loue you, *Hermia*,  
 Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you; 308  
 Saue that, in loue vnto *Demetrius*,  
 I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.  
 He followed you; for loue, I followed him.  
 But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee 312  
 To strike mee, spurne mee; nay, to kill mee too†:  
 And now, so you will let me quiet goe,  
 To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,  
 And follow you no further. Let me goe! [*Turns to go.* 316  
 You see how simple, and how fond, I am! [*Comes back.*  
*Herm.* Why! get you gon! Who ist that hinders you?  
*Hel.* A foolish heart! that I leaue here behind.  
*Her.* What, with *Lysander*?  
*Hel.* With *Demetrius*! 320

\*299. *gentlemen*] Q2, F. gentleman Q.

†313. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Lys.* Be not afraid! she shall not harme thee, *Helena!*  
*Deme.* No, fir; she shall not! though you take her part!  
*Hel.* O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd!  
 She was a vixen, when she went to schoole: 324  
 And though she be but little, she is fierce!  
*Her.* 'Little' againe! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!  
 ¶ Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?  
 Let me come to her! [*tries to come*]  
*Lys.* [*pushing her off*] Get you gon, you dwarfe! 328  
 You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made!  
 You bead! you acorne!  
*Deme.* You are too officious,  
 In her behalfe, that scornes your seruices.  
 Let her alone! speake not of *Helena!* 332  
 Take not her part! For, if thou dost intend  
 Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,  
 Thou shalt aby it!  
*Lys.* Now she holdes me not!  
 Now follow, (if thou dar'st,) to try whose right, 336  
 Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena!*  
*Deme.* 'Follow'? Nay! Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.  
 [*Exeunt LYSANDER & DEMETRIUS.\**]  
*Her.* You, mistresse! all this coyle is long of you! 339  
 [*HEL. draws back*] Nay! goe not backe!  
*Hel.* I will not trust you, I,  
 Nor longer stay in your curst company! 341  
 Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;  
 My legges are longer, though, to runne away! [*Runs off.*]  
*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say! [*Exit.* 344

*Advance, OBERON and PUCKE.†*

*Ob.* This is thy negligence! still thou mistak'st,  
 Or else commitst thy knaueries wilfully!  
*Puck.* Beleeue mee, King of Shadowes, I mistooke!  
 Did not you tell mee, I thoud 'know the man  
 By the *Athenian* garments he had on'? 349  
 And, so farre blamelesse prooues my enterprise,  
 That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eyes: 351

\*338. *Exeunt* . . .] *Exit* . . . F. | †344-5. *Advance* . . .] *Enter* . . . F.  
 344. *Exit.*] *Exeunt*. Qq. | II. i. 263-4, p. 18.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

And so farre am I glad it so did fort,  
 As this their iangling, I esteeme a sport ! 353  
*Ob.* Thou see'st, these louers seeke a place to fight :  
 Hy therefore, *Robin* ! ouercast the night ! 355  
 The starry welkin, couer thou anon,  
 With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*, 357  
 And lead these teasty Riuals so astray,  
 As one come not within anothers way. 359  
 Like to *Lyfander*, sometime frame thy tongue ;  
 Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong ; 361  
 And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius* ;  
 And from each other, looke thou lead them thus ; 363  
 Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting sleepe,  
 With leaden legs, and Batty wings, doth creepe : 365  
 Then crush this hearbe into *Lyfanders* eye ; [*glves the hearbe.*]  
 Whose liquor hath this vertuous property, 367  
 To take from thence all errour, with his might,  
 And make his eyeballs roule with wonted fight. 369  
 When they next wake, all this derisïon  
 Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse visiön ; 371  
 And backe to *Athens* shall the louers wend,  
 With league, whose date, till death shall neuer end. 373  
 Whiles I, in this affaire, do thee imploy,  
 Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* boy : 375  
 And then I will her charmed eye releafe  
 From monstres view ; and all things shall be peace ! 377  
*Puck.* My Faery Lord, this must be done with haste,  
 For Nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast, 379  
 And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger ; [*points to the East.*]  
 At whose approach, Ghosts, wandring here and there, 381  
 Troope home to Churchyards : damned spirits all,  
 (That in crosse-waies and floods haue buriall,) 383  
 Already to their wormy beds are gone,  
 For feare least day should looke their shames vpon : 385  
 They wilfully themselues exile from light,  
 And must for aye comfort with black-browed night ! 387  
*Ober.* But we are spirits of another sort !  
 I, with the Mornings Loue, haue oft made sport, 389  
 And, like a forrester, the groues may tread,  
 Euen till the Easterne gate, all fiery red, 391  
 III. ii. 352-391.] 40

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Opening on *Neptune* with faire bleffed beames,  
 Turnes into yellow golde, his salt greene streames. 393  
 But notwithstanding,\* hafte! make no delay!  
 We may effect this businesse, yet ere day. [Exlt. 395  
*Pu.* Vp & down, vp & down,  
 I will lead them vp & down!  
 I am feard in field & town!  
*Goblin*, lead them vp & downe! 399  
 Here comes one!

*Re-enter* LYSANDER. (*ROBIN shifts places.*)

*Lyf.* Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now!  
*Rob.* Here, villaine! drawne & ready! Where art thou?  
*Lyf.* I will be with thee straight!  
*Rob.* Follow me then  
 To plainer ground! [Exlt LYS.

*Re-enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Deme.* *Lyfander*! speake againe! 404  
 Thou runaway, thou coward! art thou fled?  
 Speake! in some bush? Where doest thou hide thy head?  
*Rob.* Thou coward! art thou bragging to the starres,  
 Telling the bushes that thou look'ft for warres, 408  
 And wilt not come? Come, recreant! come, thou childe!  
 Ile whippe thee with a rodde! He is defil'd, 410  
 That drawes a sword on thee!

*De.* Yea, art thou there?  
*Ro.* Follow my voice! weele try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lyf.* He goes before me, and still dares me on:  
 When I come where he calles, then he is gon! 414  
 The villaine is much lighter-heel'd then I!  
 I followed fast; but faster he did fly; 416  
 That, fallen am I in darke vneauen way,  
 And here will rest me. [*Lyes† down.*] ¶Come, thou gentle day!  
 For if but once thou shewe me thy gray light,  
 Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight! [Sleeps. 420

\*394. notwithstanding] Q2, F. |  
 notwithstanding Q.

† See lines 1, 4, next page.  
 †418. *Lyes down.*] lye down. F.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Re-enter* ROBIN (*shifting places*),<sup>1</sup> and DEMETRIUS.

*Robi.* Ho, ho, ho! Coward! why comst thou not?

*Deme.* Abide me, if thou dar'st! For well I wot 422  
Thou runst before mee, shifting euery place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face. 424  
Where art thou now?

*Rob.* Come hither! I am here!

*De.* Nay then, thou mockst me! Thou shalt\* buy this dear,  
If euer I thy face by day light see!  
Now, goe thy way! (Faintnesse constraineth mee 428  
To measure out my length on this cold bed :)  
By daies approach, looke to be visited! [*Lies down & sleeps.*

*Re-enter* HELENA.

*Hele.* O weary night, O long and tedious night, 431  
Abate thy houres! shine comforts from the East,  
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,  
From these that my poore company detest! 434  
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,  
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie! 436  
[*Lies down & sleeps.*

*Rob.* Yet but three? Come one more!  
Two of both kindes makes vp fower. 438  
Heare thee comes, curst and sadde!  
*Cupid* is a knauish ladde,  
Thus to make poore females madde! 441

*Re-enter* HERMIA.†

*Her.* Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe, 442  
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briars:  
I can no further crawle, no further goe!  
My legges can keepe no pafe with my desires! 445  
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day.  
Heauens shielde *Lyfander*, if they meane a fray! 447  
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Re-enter . . .*] Robin, and Demetrius. Qq. Enter Robin and Demetrius. F.

<sup>1</sup> F has '*shifting places*' opp.  
III il. 421-447.]

'fly,' l. 416.

\*426. *shall*] Q2, F. shat Q.

†441. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Hermia. Q2, F (after line 440).

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Rob.* On the ground,  
 Sleepe found! 449  
 Ile apply  
 To your eye, [Squeezes iulce on *LYS.*'s eyelids.  
*Gentle loue*r, remedy! 452  
 When thou wak'st,  
 Thou tak'st 454  
 True delight,  
 In the fight 456  
 Of thy former ladies eye:  
 And the country prouerbe knowne,  
 That 'euery man should take his owne,'  
 In your waking shall be shoven: 460  
 'Iacke shall haue *fill*:'  
 Nought shall goe ill:  
 'The man shall haue his mare again,' & 'all shall be well!' 463  
 [They sleepe all the next Act, to l. 143.\*

*Actus Quartus.† Soena Prima.*

*The Wood, where LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, &  
 HERMIA lie asleep. April 30; May 1.*

*Enter* Queene of Faeries, and Clowne (*BOTTOM*), and  
 Faeries (*PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB, MUSTARDSEED, &  
 the rest*): and the King (*OBBERON*) behinde them, vnseene.

*Tita.* Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, 1  
 [She pulls him down.

While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,  
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleeke smooth head,  
 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy! [*kisses em.*  
*Clown.* Where's *Pease-blossome*?

*Pea.* Ready!

*Clow.* Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome*! ¶ Wher's  
 Mounfieur *Cobweb*? 8

*Cob.* Ready!

*Clo.* Mounfieur *Cobweb*, good Mounfieur, get you your  
 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee

451. To your] Rowe. your Q2, |  
 F.

\*463. They sleepe all the Act. F.  
 † Actus Quartus.] F.



# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

on the toppe of a thistle! and, good Mounfieur, bring mee the hony bagge! Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounfieur! and, good Mounfieur, haue a care the hony bagge breake not! I wold be loath to haue you ouerflown with a honibag, *signior*. ¶ Where's Mounfieur \* *Mustardseede*? 17

*Must.* Readie!

*Clo.* Giue me your neafe, Mounfieur† *Mustardseede*! [*Shakes his hand.*] Pray you, leaue your curtzie, good Mounfieur!

*Must.* What's your will? 21

*Clo.* Nothing, good Mounfieur, but to helpe *Caulery Cobwebbe* to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounfieur; for me thinkes I am maruailles hairy about the face; And I am such a tender Ass, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch! 26

*Tita.* What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete loue?

*Clo.* I haue a reasonabable good eare in 'musique.' Lets haue the tongs and the bones!

[*Musicke of Tongs & Bones, Rurall Musicke.*]

*Tyta.* Or say, sweete loue, what thou desir'st‡ to eate. 30

*Clo.* Truly, a pecke of prouander! I could mounch your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay! Good hay, sweete hay, hath no fellow!

*Ty.* I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seeke The Squirils hoord, and fetch thee thence newe nuts. 34

*Clo.* I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried pease! But, I pray you, let none of your people stirre me: I haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon mee. 38

*Tyta.* Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes!

¶ Faeries, be gon, and be alwaies away! [*Exeunt Fairies.*]

¶ So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honifuckle,

[*Winds him in her armes.*]

Gently entwist: the female Iuy, so 42  
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

---

\*16. *Mustardseede*] *Mastardseede* III. i. 2, p. 240.  
Q. Mustardseed, Q2, F. ‡30. *desir'st*] *desirest* Q1, 2, F.  
†19. *Mounsieur*] Q2, F. *Moun-* But the line is *Tytania's*, and verse.  
*neur* Q. 35. *thee thence*] *Hanner. thee*  
24. *maruailles*] Q. *maruailous* Q1, 2, F.  
Q2. *maruellous* F. See note on  
[IV. i. 12-43.] 44

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

O, how I loue thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleepe.

*Enter* ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

*Ob.* Welcome, good *Robin*! Seest thou this sweete fight?  
Her dotage, now I doe beginne to pittie; 46

[Points to *TIT.* & *BOTTOM.*

For, meeting her of late, behinde the wood,  
Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,  
I did vpbraide her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded 50

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same deawe, which sometime on the buddes

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles,

Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes, 54

Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,

I then did aske of her her changeling childe: 58

Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent,

To beare him to my bower in Fairie land.

And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe

This hatefull imperfection of her eyes. 62

And, gentle *Puck*, take this transform'd scalpe [points to *BOT.*

From off\* the heade of this *Athenian* swaine;

That, hee awaking when the other do,

May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire, 66

And thinke no more of this nights accidents,

But as the scarce vexation of a Dreame.

But first I will release the Fairy Queene. 69

[Squeezes iuloe on her Eyes.

¶ Be, as thou wast wont to bee!

See, as thou wast wont to see! 71

*Dians* budde, ore *Cupids* flower,

Hath such force, and blessed power. 73

Now, my *Titania*! wake you, my sweete Queene! [She wakes.

*Tita.* My *Oberon*! what visions haue I seene!

Me thought I was enamour'd of an Ass.

*Ob.* There lyes your loue! [points to *BOTTOM.*

\*54. off] Q2, F. of Q.

72. ore = over] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). or Q1, 2, F.

# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

*Tita.* How came these things to passe?  
O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now! 78  
*Ob.* Silence a while! ¶ *Robin*, take off this head!  
¶ *Titania*, musicke call! and strike more dead  
Then common sleepe, of all these five, the sense! 81  
*Ti.* Musick, howe! musick! such as charmeth sleepe.  
[*Musick, still.\**]  
*Rob.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes  
peepe! [takes the Asses head off *BOTTOM.* 83  
*Ob.* Sound, Musick! Come, my queen! take hands with  
me, [They take hands & dance.  
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be! 85  
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,  
And will to morrow midnight, solemnelly 87  
Daunce, in Duke *Thefeus* house triumphantly,  
And blesse it to all faire prosperitie. 89  
There shall the paires of faithfull louers be  
Wedded, with *Thefeus*, all in iollitie. 91  
*Rob.* Fairy King, attend, and marke!  
I do heare the morning Larke. 93  
*Ob.* Then, my Queene, in silence sad,  
Trippe we after nights shade: 95  
We, the Globe, can compasse soone,  
Swifter then the wandring Moone. 97  
*Tita.* Come, my Lord! and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night, 99  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals on the ground! 101  
[*Exeunt. Sleepers Lye still.†*  
[*VVinde horne.*

*Enter THESEUS and all his traine, with HIPPOLITA & EGEUS.*  
*May 1, Daybreak.*

*The.* Goe, one of you! finde out the forrester!  
For now our obseruation is performde:

---

81. *five*] Theobald (Thirlby 84-91: eight rimes in *a*. See p.  
conj.). *fine* Q1, 2, F. 28.  
82. *howe*] ho Q2, F. 95. *after*] Q1. after the Q2, F.  
\*82. *Musick, still!*] F. = *soft* music. †101. *Sleepers...*] F. *Exeunt*. Qq.  
[IV. i. 77-103.] 46

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

And since we haue the vaward of the day,  
My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds! 105  
Vncouple! in the westerne vallis let them goe!  
Dispatch, I say, and finde the forrester!

[*Exit one of the Traine.*]

¶ Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppes,  
And marke the musicall confusiō 109  
Of hounds and Echo in coniunctiō.

*Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,  
When in a wood of *Crete* they bayed the Beare  
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare 113  
Such gallant chiding! For, besides the groues,  
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare  
Seemd all one mutuall cry: I neuer heard  
So musicall a discord, such sweete thunder! 117

*Thef.* My hounds are bred out of the '*Spartane*' kinde,  
So flew'd, so fanded; and their heads are hung  
VVith eares that sweepe away the morning dewe;  
Crooke-kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theffalian* Bulls; 121  
Slowe in pursuit, but matcht in mouth like bells,  
Each vnder each. A 'cry' more tunable  
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,  
In '*Crete*,' in '*Sparta*,' nor in *Theffaly*! 125  
Iudge when you heare! [*Sees the Sleepers.*] But soft! What  
nymphes are these?

*Egeus.* My Lord! this is\* my daughter heere a-sleepe!  
[*points to each in turn.*]

And this, *Lyfander*! this, *Demetrius* is!  
This, *Helena*! old *Nedars Helena*! 129  
I wonder of their being heere together!

*The.* No doubt they rose vp earely, to obserue  
The right<sup>1</sup> of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came heere in grace of our solemnitie . . . . 133

¶ But speake, *Egeus*! is not this the day,  
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choyce?

*Egeus.* It is, my Lord!

*Thefe.* Goe bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes!

---

116. *Seemd*] F2. Seeme Q1, 2, F. \*127. *this is*] Q2, F. this Q.  
<sup>1</sup> right = rite.

# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

*Winde hornes. Shoute within: the sleepers, all but BOTTOM,  
wake & start vp.*

*The.* Good morrow, friends! Saint *Valentine* is past! 138  
¶ Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lyf.* Pardon, my Lord! [all kneel.

*The.* I pray you all, stand vp. [they rise.

I know you two are Riual enemies:  
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde, 142

That hatred is so farre from ieaousie,  
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie?

*Lyf.* My Lord, I shal reply amazedly, 145

Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truely say how I came here; 147

But as I thinke, (for truely would I speake,)—

And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is,—

I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent 150

Was, to be gon from *Athens*; where we might,

Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe, . . . .

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my Lord! you haue enough.

I begge the law, the law, vpon his head! 154

They would haue stolne away! ¶ They would, *Demetrius*,

Thereby to haue defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and mee of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife! 158

*Deme.* My Lord! faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I, in fury, hither followed them;

Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee. 162

But, my good Lord, I wote not by what power,

(But by some power it is,) my loue to *Hermia*

(Melted as the snowe,) seemes to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gaude, 166

Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is onely *Helena*! To her, my Lord, 170

Was I betrothed, ere I saw *Hermia*:

---

*Winde . . .*] Shoute within: they all start vp. *Winde hornes. Q.*

171. *saw*] *Steevens.* see *Q1*, 2, *F.*

IV. l. 138-171.]

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

But, like in sicknesse, did I loath this foode;  
 But, as in health, come to my naturall taste,  
 Now I doe wish it, loue it, long for it, 174  
 And will for euermore be true to it!

*The.* Faire louers, you are fortunately met!  
 Of this discourse, we more will here anon.

¶ *Egeus*, I will ouerbeare your will; 178  
 For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,  
 These couples shall eternally be knit.  
 And, (for the morning now is somthing worne,) 182  
 Our purpof'd hunting shall be set aside.

¶ Away, with vs, to *Athens*! Three and three, 184  
 Weele holde a feast in great solemnitie.

¶ Come, *Hyppolita*!

[*Exeunt THESEUS & all his traine, with HYPPOLITA  
 & EGEUS.*]

*Deme.* These things seeme small and vndistinguishable, 186  
 Like farre off mountaines turn'd into clouds!

*Her.* Me thinks I see these things with parted eye,  
 When euery thing seemes double!

*Hel.* So mee thinks: 190  
 And I haue found\* *Demetrius*, like a iewell,  
 Mine owne, and not mine owne!

*Dem.* Are you sure 194  
 That we are awake? It seemes to me,  
 That yet we sleepe, we dreame! Do not you thinke  
 The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

*Her.* Yea, and my father! . . .

*Hel.* And *Hyppolita*! . . .

*Lys.* And he did bid vs follow to the Temple!

*Dem.* Why, then, we are awake! lets follow him, 198  
 And, by the way, let vs† recount our dreames!  
[*Exeunt Louers.*†]

[*BOTTOME wakes.*§] *Clo.* When my cue comes, call mee,  
 and I will answere. My next is, 'most faire *Pyramus*.'

<p>172. in] Steevens (Farmer conj.).          a Q1, 2, F.          *190. found] Q2, F. found Q.          †198. let vs] Q2, F. lets Q.          ‡198. <i>Exeunt</i> . . .] Exit Louers. F.</p>	<p>§199. <i>Bottome wakes.</i>] F.          200. most faire <i>Pyramus</i>] No          such cue is in the Enterlude: see          V. i. 187. 'Most radiant P.' III. i.          80.</p>
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# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Hey ho! [*yawns*] *Peeter Quince!* *Flute*, the bellowes-mender! \*  
*Snout* the tinker! *Starueling!* Gods my life! *Stolne* [202  
 hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a most rare vifion!  
 I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say what  
 dreame it was! Man is but an Assē, if hee goe about to†  
 expound this dreame. Me thought I was . . . there is no man  
 can tell what! Me thought I was . . . and me thought I [207  
 had . . . But man is but a patcht‡ foole, if hee will offer to  
 say what mee thought I had! The eye of man hath not  
 heard, the eare of man hath not seene, mans hand is not able  
 to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his hearte to report, [211  
 what my dreame was! I will get *Peter Quince* to write a  
 Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*,  
 because it hath no 'bottome': and I will sing it in the latter  
 end of a Play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it  
 the more gratious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.* 216

*Actus Quartus. § Scena Secunda.*

*Athens. QUINCES House. May 1.*

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE (call'd THISBY), SNOUT and  
 STARUELING.||*

*Quin.* Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come home  
 yet?

*Staru.\*\** Hee cannot be heard of! Out of doubt he is  
 transported! 4

*Thyf.* If hee come not, then the Play is mard! It goes  
 not forward: Doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible! You haue not a man, in all  
*Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he! 8

*Thyf.* No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft  
 man in *Athens*.

\*201. *mender*] Q2, F. menders Q.  
 †205-6. *to expound*] Q2, F. ex-  
 pound Q.

‡208. *a patcht*] a patch'd F.  
 patcht a Q1, 2.

215. *a Play*] *our Play* S. Walker  
 conj.: probably right.

IV. i. 201-216; ii. 1-10.]

216. *her*] = *Thisby's*. Collier.

216. *Exit.*] Q2, F.

§ *Actus Quartus*] F. Qq. om.

|| *Flute, &c.*] *Flute, Thisby, Snout,*  
*and Starueling.* F. *Flute, Thisby,*  
*and the rabble.* Q1, 2.

\*\*3. *Staru.*] F. *Flut.* Q1, 2.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Quin.* Yea, and the best perfon too; and hee is a very  
Paramour, for a sweete voice! 12

*Thif.* You must fay, 'Paragon.' A 'Paramour' is (God  
blesse vs!) a thing of nought.

*Enter SNUG, the Ioyner (who's to play Lion).*

*Snug.* Mafters, the Duke is comming from the Temple;  
and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married.  
If our sport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men! 17

*Thyf.* O sweete bully *Bottom*! Thus hath hee loft fix  
pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped fixe  
pence a day! And the Duke had not giuen him fix pence a  
day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hang'd! He would haue  
deferued it! Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing! 22

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

*[they gather round him.]*

*Quin. Bottom!* O most courageous day! O most happy houre!

*Bott.* Mafters! I am to difcoursse wonders: but aske me  
not what! For if I tell you, I am no\* true *Athenian*! . . . I will  
tell you euery thing, right as it fell out! 27

*Quin.* Let vs heare, sweete *Bottom*!

*Bot.* Not a word of mee! All that I will tell you, is, that the  
Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together; good frings  
to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes; meete presently  
at the palace; euery man looke ore his part! For, the fhort and  
the long is, our play is preferd! In any case let *Thi/by* [33  
haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plaies the Lyon, pare  
his nailes; for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawes.  
And, most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke! for we  
are to vtter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them  
fay, 'it is a sweete Comedy!' No more wordes! Away! go!  
away! *[Exeunt.† 39]*

11. too] Q2, F. to Q.

\*26. no] F. not Q1, 2.

†39. *Exeunt.*] F.



*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Actus Quintus.\* Scena Prima.*

*Athens. The palace of THESEUS. May 1.*

*Enter (from the Temple) THESEUS, his Dutchesse  
HYPPOLITA, and all his traine, with PHILOSTRATE.*

*Hip.* Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of!

*The.* More 'straunge' then true! I neuer may beleuee

These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, 4

Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

More then coole reason euer comprehends.

The lunatick, the louer, and the Poet,

Are of imagination all compact: 8

One, sees more diuels then vast hell can holde:

That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,

Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt*.

The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, 12

Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.

And, as Imagination bodies forth

The formes of things vnknowne, the Poets penne

Turnes them to shapes, and giues to avery nothing, 16

A locall habitation, and a name.

Such trickes hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some ioy,

It comprehends some bringer of that ioy; 20

Or in the night, imagining some feare,

How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare!

*Dutch. Hyp.* But all the story of the night told ouer,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 24

More witnessefeth than Fancies images,

And growes to something of great constancy;

But, howfoeuer, strange and admirable!

*The.* Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth! 28

*Enter, the married Louers; LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,  
HERMIA and HELENA.*

Ioy, gentle friends! ioy, and fresh daies of loue,

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\* *Actus Quintus*] F. 28. *Enter . . .*] Qq, F (after l. 27).  
V. l. 1-29.] 52

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

Accompany your hearts !

*Lys.* More then to vs,  
Waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde ! 31

*The.* Come now ! what maskes, what daunces, shall wee haue,  
To weare away this long age of three hours,  
Betweene our\* after-supper, & bed-time ?  
Where is our vfuall manager of mirth ?  
What Reuels are in hand ? Is there no play, 36  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hower ?

¶ Call *Philostrate* !

*Philostrate.* Here, mighty *Thefeus* ! 38

*The.* Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening ?  
What maske ? what musicke ? How shall we beguile 40  
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight ?

*Philost.* There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.

[*Glves THESEUS a list of Sports.*]

Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see first !

*The.* [*reads*] '*The battell with the Centaures, to be sung 44*  
*By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe ?*'

(Weele none of that ! That, haue I tolde my loue,  
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.)

'*The ryot of the tipsie Bachanals,* 48  
*Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage ?*'

(That is an olde deuise ; and it was plaid,  
When I from *Thebes* came last a conquerer.)

'*The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death 52*  
*Of learning, late deceast in beggery ?*'

(That is some *Satire* keene and criticall,  
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.)

'*A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus 56*  
*And his loue Thisby : very tragicall mirth ?*'

¶ Merry, and 'tragicall' ? 'Tedious,' and 'briefe'  
That is, hot life, and wondrous† strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ? 60

*Philost.* A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long :  
(Which is as 'briefe' as I haue knowne a play :)

But, by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,

\*34. *our*] F. Or Q1, 2.

†59. *wondrous*] Q2, F. wondrous Q (? read *stain'd* for *strange*).

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Which makes it 'tedious' ; For, in all the Play, 64  
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
 And 'tragicall', my noble Lord, it is ;  
 For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himselfe.  
 Which, when I saw rehearft, I must confesse, 68  
 Made mine eyes water ; but more merry teares,  
 The passion of loud laughter neuer shed.  
*Thefe.* What are they, that doe play it ?  
*Phil.* Hard-handed men, that worke in *Athens* here, 72  
 Which neuer labour'd in their minds till nowe,  
 And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories  
 With this same Play, againft your nuptiall.  
*The.* And wee will heare it !  
*Phi.* No, my noble Lord ! 76  
 It is not for you ! I haue heard it ouer,  
 And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;  
 Vlesse you can finde sport in their entents,  
 Extreemely fretcht, and cond with cruell paine, 80  
 To do you seruice.  
*The.* I will heare that play !  
 For neuer any thing can be amiffe,  
 When simpleness and duety tender it.  
 Goe bring them in ! ¶ and take your places, Ladies ! 84  
 [Exit PHILOSTRATE.  
*Hip.* I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged ;  
 And duety, in his seruice, perishing.  
*The.* Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.  
*Hip.* He sayes, they can doe 'nothing' in this kinde. 88  
*The.* The 'kinder' we, to giue them thanks for 'nothing'.  
 Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.  
 And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect  
 Takes it in might, not merit. 92  
 Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed  
 To greete me, with premeditated welcomes :  
 Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,  
 Make periods in the midft of sentences, 96  
 Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,  
 And, in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,  
 Not paying mee a welcome : Trust me, sweete,  
 Out of this silence, yet I pickt a welcome: 100  
 V. l. 64-100.] 54

## A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,  
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
 Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity, 104  
 In leaft, speake most, to my capacity.

### Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

*Philost.* So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest!

*Duk.* Let him approach! [Florish of Trumpets.

*Enter the Prologue, Manager QUINCE,\* the Carpenter.*

*Pro.* If wee offend, it is with our good will. 108

That you should thinke, we come not to offend,

But with good will. To shew our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end. 111

Consider then, we come but in despight.

We doe not come, as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

Wee are not here. That you should here repent you, 115

The Actors are at hand, and, by their shewe,

You shall know all, that you are like to knowe. 117

*The.* This fellow doth not stand vpon points!

*Lyf.* He hath rid his Prologue like a rough Colte: hee  
 knowes not the stoppe. A good morall, my Lord! It is not  
 enough to speake; but to speake true! 121

*Hyp.* Indeed, he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child  
 on a Recorder; a sound, but not in gouernement.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled Chaine; nothing im-  
 paired, but all disordered. Who is next? 125

†TAWYER with a Trumpet before them:

*Enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOM the Weaver), and THISBY (FLUTE  
 the Bellowes-Mender), and WALL (SNOUT the Tinker),  
 and MOONE-SHINE (STARUELING the Tailor), and LYON  
 (SNUG the Ioiner).*

*Prologue.* Gentles! perchance you wonder at this shew; 126  
 But wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

107. *Florish of Trumpets*] Flor.  
 Trum. Fl.

\*108. *Quince*] F.

122. *this*] Q1, 2. his F.

†125-6. *Tawyer*...] F. T. was,  
 no doubt, a Player of the Globe  
 Company.

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe;*

[*Points to each In turn.*

*This beautious Lady, Thisby\* is certaine.* 129  
*This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present* 130  
*Wall, that vile wall which did these louers sunder;*  
*And through wals chinke, poore soules, they are content*  
*To whisper. (At the which, let no man wonder.)* 133  
*This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,* 134  
*Presenteth Moone-shine; For, if you will know,*  
*By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne*  
*To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there, to wooe.* 137  
*This grizly beast, (which Lyon hight by name.)*  
*The trusty Thisby, (comming first by night,)*  
*Did scarre away, or rather, did affright;*  
*And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;* 141  
*Which Lyon vile, with bloody mouth did staine.*  
*Anon comes Pyramus, (sweete youth, and tall,)*  
*And findes his trusty Thisbys mantle staine:* 144  
*Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,* 145  
*He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breast;*  
*And Thisby, tarying in Mulberry shade,*  
*His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,* 148  
*Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,*  
*At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.* [Exit. 150  
*The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.*  
*Demet. No 'wonder', my Lord! One 'Lyon' may, when*  
*many Affes doe.* 153  
[*Exeunt Lyon, PYRAMUS, THYSBY, and Mooneshine.*  
*Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,*  
*That I, one Snowt† (by name) present a wall:* 155  
*And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,*  
*That had in it a cranied hole or chinke,* 157  
*Through which the louers, Pyramus and Thisby,*  
*Did whisper often, very secretly.* 159  
*This lome, this roughcast, and this stone, doth shoue*  
*That I am that same wall: the truth is so.* 161  
*And this the cranie is, right and snifter,*

[*Holds up his fingers thus <*

\*129. *Thisby*] Q2, F. *Thisby* Q. 153. *Exeunt* ...] Exit ... Qq, F.  
†155. *Snowt*] F. Flute Q1, 2.  
V. l. 128-162.] 56

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper.* 163

*The.* Would you desire lime and haire to speake better?

*Deme.* It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse,  
my Lord!

*Re-enter BOTTOM as PYRAMUS.\**

*The.* *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall: silence! 167

*Py.* *O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue so blacke!*

*O night, which euer art, when day is not!*

*O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!*

*I feare my Thisbyes promise is forgot!* 171

¶ *And thou, o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,* 172

*That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine!*

*Thou wall, o wall, O sweete and louely wall!*

*Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through with mine eyne!* 175

[*SNOUT* holds up his hand, with his fingers thus <

*Thanks, courteous wall! Ioue shield thee well, for this!* 176

*But what see I? No Thisby doe I see!*

*O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse!*

*Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee!* 179

*The.* The wall, mee thinkes, being sensible, should 'curse'  
again!

*Pyr.* No, in truth, Sir, he should not! 'Deceiuing mee' is  
*Thisbyes* cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through  
the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you: yonder  
she comes! 185

*Re-enter FLUTE as THISBY.*

*Thif.* *O wall! full often hast thou heard my mones,*

*For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee!*

*My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;*

*Thy stones, with lime and hayre knit vp in thee.†* 180

*Pyra.* I see a voice! now will I to the chinke,

*To spy and I can heare my Thisbyes face.*

*Thisby!*

*Thif.* *My loue! thou art my loue, I thinke!*

*Py.* 'Thinke' what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace; 193

*And, like Limander, am I trusty still!*

*Thif.* *And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill!* 195

\*166. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter *Pyra-* | †189. *vp in thee*] *F.* now againe  
*mus.* *F* (after line 167). | *Q1*, 2.

# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Pyra. Not Shafalus, to Procrus was so true!

Thif. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you! 197

Pyr. O, kisse mee through the hole of this vilde wall!

Thif. I kisse the walles hole; not your lips at all! 199

Pyr. Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete me straight way?

Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay! 201

[Exeunt PYRAMUS & THISBY.]

Wal. Thus haue I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth goe! [Exit Clow.\* 203

Duk. Now is the Murall downe† between the two neighbors!

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning! 206

Dutch. (Hyp.) This is the filliest stufte, that euer I heard!

Duke. The best in this kinde, are but shadowes; and the worft are no worfe, if imagination amend them. 209

Dutch. (Hyp.) It muft be your 'imagination', then; & not theirs.

Duke. If we 'imagine' no worfe of them, then they of themfelues, they may paffe for excellent men! Here come two noble beafts, in a man and a Lyon! 214

Re-enter Lyon (SNUG), and Moone-shine (STARUELING),  
with his Lanthorne, Thorne-bush & Dogge.

Lyon. You, Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare

The smallest monftrous moufe that creepes on floore,)

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When Lyon rough, in wildest rage doth roare! 218

Then know that I (one † Snug the loyner) am

A Lyon-fell, nor else no Lyons damme; 220

For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pittie, on my life! 222

Duk. A very gentle beaft, and of a good conscience!

Deme. The very 'best' at a 'beast', my Lord, that ere I saw!

Lys. This Lyon is a very fox for his valour!

Duk. True: and a goofe for his difcretion! 226

\*203. Exit Clow.] F.

†204. Murall downe] Pope (ed. 2).  
morall downe F. Moon vsed Q  
1, 2.

V. l. 196-226.]

214. Cp. 'in Pyramus.' IV. ii.

22.—W. A. Wright.

†219. one] F. as Q1, 2.

220. Lyon-fell = lion's skin, hide.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*De.* Not so, my Lord! For his 'valour' cannot carry his 'discretion'; and the 'fox' carries the 'goose'.

*Duk.* His 'discretion', I am sure, cannot 'carry' his 'valour'; For the 'goose' carries not the 'fox'. It is well! leaue it to his 'discretion', and let vs listen to the Moone! 231

*Moone.* *This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.* . . .

(*Deme.* He should haue worne the hornes on his\* head!)

*Duk.* He is no crescent; and his hornes are inuifible, with- in the circumference!) 235

*Moone.* *This lanthorne doth the horned moone present:*

*My selfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be.* . . .

*Duke.* This is the greatestt errour of all the rest: the 'man' should be put into the 'lanthorne'. How is it else the 'man' ith Moone? 240

*Deme.* He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you fee, it is already 'in snuffe'.

*Dutch.* (*Hyp.*) I am aweary of this *Moone*! Would hee woulde change! 244

*Duke.* It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet, in curtesie, in all reason, wee must stay the time!

*Lysan.* *Proceede, Moone!* 248

*Moon.* All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lan- thorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge. [*Points to each.*

*Deme.* Why! All these should be in the 'lanthorne'; for all these are in the 'Moone'. But silence! here comes *Thi/by*!

*Re-enter THISBY.*

*Th.* *This is ould Ninies tumber. Where is my loue?* 254

*Lyon.* [*The Lion roares.*] *Oh!* [*THISBY runs off.*†]

*Dem.* Well roard, Lyon!

*Duke.* Well runne, *Thi/by*!

*Dutch.* (*Hyp.*) Well shone, *Moone*! Truly, the *Moone* shines with a good grace. 259

[*The Lyon touzles THISBYs mantle, & stains it with blood; then Exit.*]

\*233. *his*] Q2, F. nis Q.

†255. *The Lion roares.* . . *Thisby runs off.*] F (after 'Oh,' 255).



# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

*Duk.* Well mouz'd, *Lyon* !

*Dem.* And then came *Pyramus* ! . . .

*Lys.* And so the *Lyon* vanisht ! 261

*Re-enter PYRAMUS, glrt with a Sword.*

*Pyr.* Sweete *Moone*, I thanke thee for thy sunny beams ! 262

I thanke thee, *Moone*, for shining now so bright !

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,

I trust to take, of truest *Thisby*, fight ! 265

But stay : o spight ! [*Sees THISBY'S mantle.*

But marke, poore knight,

What dreadfull dole is here ! 268

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it bee ?

O dainty duck ! o deare ! 271

Thy mantle good, . . .

What ! staind with blood ?

Approach, ye *Furies* fell ! 274

O *Fates*, come, come !

Cut thread and thrumme !

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell ! 277

*Duke.* This passion, & the death of a deare friend, would  
goe neere to make a man looke sad !

*Dut. (Hyp.)* Beshrewe my heart, but I pittie the man !

*Pyr.* O, wherefore, *Nature*, didst thou *Lyons* frame ? 281

Since *Lyon* vilde hath here deflour'd my deare,

Which is, (no, no !) which was, the fairest dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere ! 284

Come teares, confound !

Out, sword ! and wound

The pappe of *Pyramus* ! [*Draws his Sword.* 287

I, that left pappe,

Where heart doth hoppe. 289

Thus dy I ! thus, thus, thus ! [*Stabs himselfe.*

Now am I dead !

Now am I fled !

My soule is in the sky ! 293

Tongue, loose thy light !

Moone, take thy flight !

Now dy, dy ! dy, dy, dy ! [*Dies.* 296

V. l. 260-296.]

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Dem.* No 'Die' but an ace for him; For he is but 'one'.

*Lyf.* Lesse then an 'ace', man; For he is dead, he is 'nothing'.

*Duke.* With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer,  
and yet prooue an 'Affe'. 300

*Dut. (Hyp.)* How chance *Moone-shine* is gone, before *Thisby*  
comes backe, and findes her loue?

*Duk.* Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee  
comes! and her passion ends the Play. 304

## *Re-enter THISBY.\**

*Dut. (Hyp.)* Me thinkes she should not vse a long one, for  
such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be briefe! 306

*Demet.* A moth will turne the ballance, which *Pyramus*,  
which *Thisby*, is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs!  
she, for a woman, God blesse vs!

*Lyf.* She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes.

*Deme.* And thus she meanes, *videlicet*:— 311

*Thif.* *A-sleepe, my loue?* [Shakes him.]

*What? dead! my doue?*

*O Pyramus, arise!* 314

*Speake, speake! Quite dumbe?*

*Dead! dead? A tumble*

*Must couer thy sweete eyes.* 317

*These lilly lippes,*

*This cherry nose,*

*These yellow cowslippe cheekes,* 320

*Are gon! are gon!*

¶ *Louers, make mone!*

*His eyes were greene as leekes.* 323

¶ *O Sisters three!*

*Come, come to mee,*

*With hands as pale as milke!* 326

*Lay them in gore,*

*Since you haue shore*

*With sheeres, his threede of filke!* 329

---

300. yet prooue] Q. prooue Q2, | line 302).  
F. 308. warnd] Q1, 2. warrant,  
mod. edd. he ... blesse vs] F om.  
\*Re-enter ...] Enter ... F (after  
61 [V. 1. 297-329.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

¶ Tongue, not a word!

¶ Come, trusty sword!

[Pulls P.'s sword from his left pappe.

Come, blade, my breast imbrew! [Stabs herselfe.

¶ And farewell, friends!

Thus Thyfby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu!

[Dies. 335

Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.\*

Bott.† [Startling vp] No! I assure you, the wall is downe that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce between two of our company?

341

Duke. No 'Epilogue,' I pray you! For your Play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse! For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himselfe in *Thi/bies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy! and so it is, truely, and very notably discharg'd! But come, your 'Burgomaske'! let your 'Epilogue' alone! [A Bergomaske Daunce. May 2. 348

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.

Louers, to bed! tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall outleepe the comming morne,

As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.

352

This palpable-grosse Play hath well beguil'd

The heauie gate of night! Sweete friends, to bed!

A fortnight holde we this solemnitie,

In nightly Reuels, and new iollity!

[Exeunt. 356

*Enter PUCKE, with a broom.*

Puck. Now the hungry Lyon roares,

357

And the wolfe behowls the Moone;

Whilst the heauie ploughman snores,

All with weary taske foredoone.

360

Now the wasted brands doe glowe,

361

Whilst the screech-owle, screeching lowd,

\*337. too] Q2, F. to Q.

2, F.

†338. Bott.] Bot. F. Lyon Q1, 2.

358. behowls] Theobald (War-

357. Lyon] Rowe. Lyons Q1, 2, F. burton). beholds Q1, 2, F.

[V. i. 330-362.]

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,  
 In remembrance of a shrowde. 364  
 Now it is the time of night, 365  
 That the graues, all gaping wide,  
 Euery one lets forth his spright,  
 In the Churchway paths to glide. 368  
 And wee Fairies, (that doe runne 369  
 By the triple *Hecates* teame,  
 From the presence of the Sunne,  
 Following darkenesse like a dreame,) 372  
 Now are frolick : not a mouse  
 Shall disturbe this hallowed house ! 374  
 I am sent with broome, before,  
 To sweepe the dust behinde the dore. 376

*Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.*

*Ob.* Through the house giue glimmering light, 377  
 By the dead and drowfie fier !  
 Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,  
 Hop as light as birde from brier ; 380  
 And this dittie, after mee,  
 Sing, and daunce it trippingly ! 382  
*Tita.* Firft, rehearse your song by rote,  
 To each word a warbling note ! 384  
 Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,  
 Will we sing, and blesse this place. 386

**OBERONS Song \* : the Fairies sing it after him, & daunce.**

*Ob.* Now, vntill the breake of day,  
 Through this house each Fairy stray ! 388  
 To the best bride-bed will wee,  
 Which by vs shall bleffed be ; 390  
 And the issue there create,  
 Euer shall be fortunate : 392  
 So shall all the couples three,  
 Euer true in louing be : 394  
 And the blots of natures hand,  
 Shall not in their issue stand, 396

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\*386. *Oberons song*] The Song. F. Song and dance. Capell.  
 387-408 in italics, in F, as if they were the song.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,  
Nor marke prodigious, (such as are 398  
Despifed in natiuitie,) Shall vpon their children be. 400  
With this field-deaw consecrate,  
Euery Fairy take his gate, 402  
And each feuerall chamber bleffe,  
Through this palace with sweete peace! 404  
And the owner of it blest,  
Euer shall in safety rest. 406  
Trippe away! make no stay!  
Meete me all, by breake of day! 408  
[*Exeunt all but PUCKE.*

*Epilogue.*

*Robin.* If we shadowes haue offended,  
Thinke but this, (and all is mended,) 410  
That you haue but slumbred here,  
While these visions did appeare. 412  
And this weake and idle theame,  
(No more yielding, but a *DREAME*), 414  
Gentles, doe not reprehend!  
If you pardon, wee will mend: 416  
And, as I am an honest *Puck*,  
If we haue vnearned luck, 418  
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,  
We will make amends, ere long: 420  
Else the *Puck*, a 'lyer' call.  
So, good night vnto you all! 422  
Giue me your hands, if we be friends;  
And *Robin* shall restore amends. [Exit. 424

405, 406. Q1, 2, F have these transpos'd. C. R. W., in *Illustr. Lond. News*, set 'em right.

*FINIS.*

## NOTES.

- p. 2, I. i. 27. Scan, for 5 measures, *This man / hath b'witcht /*; or better, for 6, *This / man hath / bewicht /*
- p. 9, I. ii. 22. *To the rest!* . . . is 'Now go on to the rest of the Players!' (see l. 32) and then the irrepressible egoist breaks out again.—B. Nicholson.
- p. 18, II. i. 249. Scan, 'I know / a banke / where the wilde / time / blowes /'. Note the pauses wrought by the long vowels and consonant-breaks, *ild—tī, im—blō*.
- p. 43, III. ii. 461. '*Jacke shall haue Gill.*' Cp. Berowne's '*Jacke hath not Gill*,' p. 82 abuv, *L. L. Lost*, V. ii. 850, and  
*'All shalbe well, Iacke shall haue Gill:*  
 Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.'  
*Jacke and Gill.* 12. Heywood's *Three hundred Epigrammes, vpon three hundred prouerbes.* 1562.
- p. 43, III. ii. 463. Browne prints this line as two, in his *Damoiselle*, IV. ii.
- p. 43, Direction after l. 463. A friend writes, 'This alteration of F. destroys a little bit of stage history: F. means that the Actors lie asleep on the stage while the Music plays which marks the interval between the Acts. Compare stage directions in *Marston*, Vol. i, pp. 104, 132, 162-3, 178, 191, 200, 219, 253, 254, and vol. ii, pp. 88, 227, 234.' ed. Halliwell.
- p. 44, IV. i. 22-3. *to helpe Cavalery* Cobwebbe *to scratch*. Grey notes that Cobwebbe has 'been despatched upon a perilous adventure': see l. 12—16. He would read *Pease-blossom*. ? A slip of Shakspeare's. We keep Cobwebbe on the stage.
- p. 50, IV. i. 207-8. *me thought I had*. ? Bottom feels his head.
- p. 51, IV. ii. 11-12. Some eds. give this speech to *Snout*, who has no other speech, and *Flute's* correction, 13-14, to *Quince*, because Quince is generally the corrector of other folk. But we know that Quince 'doth not stand upon points' (V. i. 118), that 'His speach was like a tangled chaine' (V. i. 124), and that he said Bottom went 'to see a noyse that he heard'. He might therefore mistake 'Paramour' for 'Paragon'; he was but one of the 'hempen home-spunnes' (III. i. 66), 'patches, rude Mechanicals' (III. ii. 9); and we therefore hold that no sufficient reason has been shown for changing the text, in which Q1, 2, F are firm.
- p. 53, V. i. 34. *after-supper*. ? the old *rere-supper*.
- p. 53, V. i. 39. *abridgement*, a Play. Cp. Hamlet on the Players: "they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time." II. ii. 548. (Cp. *brigte*, M. N. Dr., V. i. 42.) Or a Play as a time-shortener, pastime, entertainment.
- p. 59, V. i. 242. *in snuffe*, metaphorically, 'in anger'.
- p. 64, V. i. 420, 424. *amends*. What play had Shakspeare in hand then? The *Merchant*?
- p. 64, V. i. 423. *Giue me your hands*: clap your hands, applaud.

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